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introduction: a privileged generation

It is difficult enough to navigate a life through a veil of tears; it is more difficult when that obscuring veil is another's. My mother was quick to tears, ready to reach for her Yiddish poem, written upon heavily creased, lined school paper, stored on the third shelf of the corner kitchen cabinet, high enough so that she had to strain her entire five feet to reach this, then recite, dramatically, tearfully, her lament over her family, killed by the Nazis. I found myself cringing, but only within; on the outside I listened with commitment. My father was much quieter about this, despite having lost his entire family, we thought, in the Camps. There was a strength about him, a dedication. But in retrospect, I sensed that I might have experienced greater love from him had I been one of his dead siblings, particularly his oldest brother, the intellectual, Esperanto-speaking bicyclist, or perhaps his youngest brother, who died in my father's arms.

As a child, growing up in Upstate New York. I was intrigued by Niagara Falls for many years, even before I saw it when I was nine, and my father held my one-year-old sister suspended above the gorge. I was intrigued by the Maid of the Mist, the boat which took you behind the Falls. I never took the trip-- too costly-- but I saw it on television and finally when we visited. People had to wear rain gear--transparent bonnets for the women; some men wore Maine-like foul weather hats, the long brim running to their backs. I was taken with the torrential, tumultuous power behind the Falls, how some had literally barrelled over the Falls and survived; some walked across on tightrope. But I returned to the image of standing on this boat, behind the veil of thunderous waterfall, getting misted, wet, but not drowned. This is how I imagined being near my parents and their memories. This is, in part, what I wish to explore in this memoir.

This is an exploration, a journey through childhood, to how I became an American kid and, ultimately, the person that I am. I do not find this easy: such a

Szajnborg, Nathan Moses

journey is difficult enough (witness Dante's reluctance and hesitations even when he had the marvelous poet of reason, Virgil, as his guide). But to display myself increases the difficulty. I do so in the hope that others will have some sense of how I constructed a life and perhaps that some may find this useful in understanding themselves or others. There are few of us who, like Goethe, can recount a life in which he not only articulates how his world influenced him, but also teaches us how he contributed to his world. In a more modest manner, I hope to explore an American childhood, Yiddish- and immigrant-tinged, yet with my unrelenting attempts to become American.

I also write this for my children. Some stories are too difficult to relate orally. A written narrative offers structure, offers the reader opportunities for respite, reflection, and to proceed at his or her own pace. So, my narrative is to Sonia and Lily that they may have a richer understanding of me, and, perhaps of themselves.

Some years ago, in the early 1980's, I read an account in the Chicago Tribune about offspring whose parents had been in the Holocaust; actually, it wrote about "children" of the Holocaust. I objected to the article on several accounts. First, using "children" to describe these adults, could be infantilizing. Second, Holocaust is a common term for the mass murder of Jews by the Nazis, but it is a poor term: too abstract (murder is murder, plain and simple). As Bettelheim pointed out, Holocaust refers to burnt offerings, as if these murdered millions had the opportunity to decide to "offer" themselves as martyrs. Of course most of the six million Jews did not have any choices, certainly not the children.

But my third reaction was defensive. One young father whose parents had been in the Camps, said that he felt sorry for his three year old daughter, because her grandparents had been in the Holocaust. I recall thinking (angrily) how terrible that this man seemed to condemn his daughter to some state of sadness or grief because of his parents tragedy; I felt (a bit self-righteously) that this fellow should work-through his own "shtick" so that his daughter would not be burdened, with what I thought was his

...and the material is good at heart, I will, as his guide, try to display myself honestly
and honestly. I do so in the hope that others will have some sense of how I continued
a life and passion that may find this world in understanding themselves.
There are few of us who, like Goethe, can record a life in which he not only
reflected but also was influenced by it, and which he contributed to his
world. In a more modest manner, I have to explain an American childhood, Victorian
and Americanized, yet with my yearning always to become European.
I look back to my childhood. Some stories are too difficult to relate easily. A
writer must write about the reader's childhood for people's reflection,
and to proceed at his or her own pace. So, my narrative is to some and I hope they
now have a more understanding of me, and perhaps of themselves.
Some years ago, in the early 1970s, I read an account in the Chicago Tribune
of a young woman whose parents had died in the Holocaust, actually, it was about
"children of the Holocaust," referred to the work on several accounts. First, using
fiction to describe her as a young, lonely, and intelligent. Second, her work as a
journalist for the mass murder of Jews by the Nazis, but it was not what I
expected. I had a number of friends. As a young girl, I was not out, I was not
able to count on my own. As I grew up, I was not the opportunity to decide to
leave it as a girl. Of course, most of the six million Jews did not have any
choice, except for the children.

But my first reaction was defensive. One young girl whose parents had been
in the Holocaust, and that she felt sorry for her fate, but she was not a victim for
the Holocaust. I recall thinking (and I hope I am not) how terrible that the
world seemed to condemn the Holocaust as some kind of evil, because of
its own history. I am to be an American, and I am not sure if through his
own story, as the Holocaust was not as he perceived, with what I thought was his

problem. I reacted too strongly; I underestimated the challenge of working through personal "shtick." While my personal psychoanalysis was profoundly helpful, I found ways to undermine my efforts.

I began to read the accounts of offspring whose parents had been in the Holocaust; in some cases, some considered themselves survivors even though they spent much of the war surviving on the Isle of Manhattan. But many had put in years in malignant alma maters such as Maidanek, Auschwitz, Treblinka, Bergen-Belsen, places whose names were as familiar to me as would be the hometown names to an American kid hearing stories about his parents' birthplaces.

At a faculty cocktail party in New York, when I joined Cornell, the slightly tipsy wife of a colleague, upon hearing that my father had been in Auschwitz, blurted her request that she interview me for her group, led by a famous analyst, which discussed Holocaust survivors' children: she continued beseechingly, that she hadn't found anyone to interview to present to her group. I demurred, not wanting to be someone's specimen. There seemed to be a bit of an industry being built-up around interviewing or doing group therapy with Survivors' offspring. At the time, such "investigators" proclaimed that the offsprings' problem was that the parents were too silent about their experiences. Not my experience.

Others, like Helen Epstein in her thoughtful and at moments, quite personal account, articulated the range of experiences, from hearing too little to hearing too much, from survivor guilt in the offspring, to extraordinary inner strength and accommodation and maintenance of identity, such as the young woman who became a Miss America contestant. I took from Epstein's accounts, as I matched it with my experience, that it was not simply how much was said (or not), but also how and when.

One of Freud's basic principles of psychoanalytic technique articulates that an effective interpretation is based on content, timing and the feeling behind the words. Some of what I will recount has to do with content, timing, and feeling, the affective tone

problem. I reacted too strongly. I underestimated the challenge of writing through personal "stitch." While my personal psychoanalysis was profoundly helpful, I found ways to minimize my efforts.

I began to read the accounts of others whose parents had been in the Holocaust; in some cases, some subtended their lives and even though they spent much of the war surviving on the Isle of Man, they had not in general maintained close ties with their families. I looked for books, articles, and films whose names were as familiar to me as would be the hometown names to an American kid having dinner about his parents' lives.

At a faculty cocktail party in New York when I joined Cornell, the slightly tipsy wife of a colleague, whom I knew from my time in Australia, pulled her request that I give a talk to her group. I was a curious analyst, which distressed Holocaust survivors, and she continued insistently that she had found myself in interview to be good for her work. I demanded that she be someone's supervisor. Then she was to be a lot of an interview being built up, which was interesting or doing good. The only way survivors' distressing at the time, such "investigation" positioned that the offspring's problem was that the parents were too silent about their experiences. Her my experience.

Others like Helen Epstein in her thoughtful and at moments quite personal account articulated a range of experience from nothing too little to nothing too much. Her interview with the offspring, to which I had not yet added, was an accommodation and a resistance to identity, such as the young woman who became a Miss America contestant. I took from Epstein's account, as I related it with my experience, that it was not simply how much was said but how and when. One of Freud's basic principles of psychoanalysis is that the effective interpretation is based on content, feeling, and the feeling behind the words. Some of what I will recount has to do with content, feeling, and feeling, the effective tone.

of voice. The impact of a narrative, such as a parent's account to one's child, also has to do with Aristotle's guidelines for good rhetoric: know your material, know your audience, have a good reputation. In my account of growing up, the audience are children, such as myself. And the speaker's reputation (mother or father) is powerful, compelling, for better and worse. As for content, only the speaker, the parent, could know the narrative content so personally, yet could know only as well as one knows oneself. Timing is not everything, but is much in a child's life: not only child's stage of development, but also the parent's development (including sorting-out one's experience), the timing of the family's development and the timing of the telling in the interaction between child and parent. A story told in moments of coarse, jealous anger, as recounted powerfully in Nightfather can be corrosive and silencing. Much can go underground. Finally, the affect, the feeling behind a recounting, can recast the story's impact: is this account told in compassion, in despair, in frustration, as an appeal to the child, in anger, in torrential sadness, such that the parent is unable to see through his or her tears the child on the other side of this veil of sadness?

The reader may see this author looking into a mirror in this memoir, searching for the origins of my seen image. This is rather concrete: I do not see or know whom I clearly resemble. I do not look crisply like either my mother nor my father; I see elements of similarity, features: my father's brow, my mother's peg eye teeth. But my overall features, the line of my nose, the cleft in my chin, come from other members of their families: I have never seen them. I never will. All photographs but one (of my mother's second oldest sister) were destroyed in the war. I look at my face looking for whom I resemble; I imagine ghosts (for whom I feel fondness) haunting my features-- the shape of my cheek bone, the cut of my ear, the color and curl in my hair, the color of my eyes. I find a certain oddity when people remark that my daughters look just like....myself, or their mother. Those observers who are more astute have said that Sonia has my eyes staring out of her mother's face (with which Sonia agrees). Sonia,

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know the narrative content so personally. You could know only as well as one knows
oneself. There is not everything, but there is in a child's life not only child's ways of
development but also the parent's development (including seeing one's own
development). The timing of the family's development and the timing of the telling in the
interaction between child and parent. A story told in moments of crisis, which means
as recounted possibly in the danger can be a creative and moving. Which danger
underground. Finally, the effect, the feeling, is not a testimony, can be the story's
impact, is the resolution in comparison to depth, in fact, is the appeal to the
child in anger, in several senses, such that the parent is unable to see through this or
her own the child on the other side of the veil of sadness.

The reader may see the author looking into a mirror in this moment, searching for
the origins of my own anger. This is not an exercise. I do not see or know what I
clearly resemble. I do not see clearly like either my mother nor my father. I see
elements of similarity, features my father's brow, my mother's eye teeth. But my
overall features, the line of my nose, the tilt of my chin, come from other members of
that family. I have never seen them. I never will. All photographs but one for my
mother's second oldest sister were destroyed in the war. I look at my face looking for
what I resemble. I recognize features (the woman I feel the most) looking for features
the shape of my cheek bones, the cut of my ear, the color of my hair, the color
of my eyes. I find a certain clarity when people remark that my daughter looks just
like myself, or that my mother. These comments when someone is there have told that
some time you were sharing out of her mother's face (the woman I feel the most).

then coming upon thirteen, was stunned when she saw my eight-year-old photograph: she thought that she looked very much like me. I have mixed feelings: I first react with a pang of desire that my daughters should have some of my features, something I have transmitted; then, I feel--trying to hew closer to what I think is their feelings--that they simply look like themselves and are all the lovelier for it. Yet, I step back (not just physically) and realize that Lily, now ten, does not look like her mother's side of the family; she does not look simply like me; I wonder whom my daughters may resemble from my family.

A reader may wonder that this writer, an analyst, should spend so much of the preceding paragraph pondering over physical appearances, similarities. Wouldn't a psychoanalyst be more concerned with one's inner world? And, I hope that much of what proceeds in this book is about the inner world, my inner world as a child trying to make sense of his parents' lives, and consequently, his own. But it has taken some years, too many perhaps, for me to recognize how I have constructed an inner world, in the guise of creating my own life as divergent as feasible from my parents' ways of living, only to recognize that I have been guided by an image, perhaps like Plato's ideal, whose inner life I have followed. I sought out an intellectual identity, for many reasons, but at least some of this was to excavate, carefully, like some archeologist unearthing fragments of precious objects, trying to preserve them, trying to reconstruct them, wondering which pieces fit together, at times being uncertain whether an object is a reconstruction of its original self, or some hodge-podge (that may look good enough to appear to be an "original") that is some reflection of the archeologist's imagination of what might have been. Is it true to its historical origins? Does it feel true to the archeologist? Does it feel true to his or her colleagues?

In my case, I think of my father's father, my patronym, an enlightened Orthodox Jew (I am not Orthodox), a retailer for Rothchild's Israeli wines, but a shadowy figure who developed a progressive neurological disease when my father was four and died



when he was eight. I think more of my father's oldest brother, the Esperanto-speaker, who helped my father stop stuttering after my grandfather died. I did not take after my father, mechanically inclined in his adolescence, and whose mechanical abilities ultimately may have saved him in the Camps, at least to the modest extent that one's efforts made a difference. It captured me that this fellow would master Esperanto, a universal language, created by a Polish Jew that would tie us together in the world. When on a recent teaching visit to northern Finland, I met the husband of a colleague who spoke Esperanto, I felt a kinship. When he told me of meeting a fellow Esperanto speaker, when Mikko and his wife were lost in Hungary, and how they received not only directions, but also a hearty welcome laced with coffee and schlag, I felt a confirmation of my uncle's wisdom.

But unlike the archeologist, I do not have physical objects to piece together, I do not have colleagues who know my dead family as well as I might, minimally though I feel I know them. Ultimately, what matters most is whether I have constructed (not only reconstructed) a life that makes some sense to me and those around me, including the reader. I hope that this memoir accomplishes some of this. It is an archeology of shadows, ghosts, tears, but ultimately a pieced together affirmation of life, if only in the sense that my parents chose to have children after their experiences, and more personally, in the sense that I believe in mankind (if not in god), in our capacities for greatness both in evil and in good, and predominately in the latter for the sake of our children. My story is of my desire and attempts to become an American kid.

A PRIVILEGED GENERATION: GROWING UP IN THE MEMORIES OF AUSCHWITZ

Nathan Moses Szajnberg

"Yours is a privileged generation: you remember things that you have not lived; but you remember them so well, so profoundly, that every one of your stories...comes to bear as our own. You are our justification." Elie Wiesel (1994) in Carl Friedman's Nightfather.

I have earlier memories. But I find that I want to start with my sitting on the tailgate of a moving van. This would put me about seven. I had just started second grade. I picture the van slowly pulling away from 42 Cole Street. It is facing against traffic to start. I'm not clear why. I'm not certain that this happened. It was 1956, so perhaps they would have allowed a seven year-old set on the tailgate, legs dangling. I can only picture going down about three houses, past the one that had a tree that carried lush deep red flowers that had velvety petals. The other kids had taught me that you could capture a bumble bee after it entered if you grasped at the base of the petals and pulled forward.

I have fragmented memories of that street, fuller ones of the apartment and Mr. Katz the landlord who lived downstairs and pounded on his ceiling with a broom handle when my sister and I were running too loudly.

We came to the States in 1949. I was six months old. We lived at 104th and Broadway for 12 weeks. A decent run for Broadway. My father recalls it as an elegant place, with a doorman who ran down to get our bags, of which we had few. When I returned to visit years later, the city had turned it into an SRO. The lobby was scruffy, no doorman, and the man behind the counter was also behind bars and a bulletproof, cloudy plexiglass window. He said that he had been working at the Hotel for many

years and recalled its better days. Now, he wouldn't let me see an apartment, because it was so rundown; people stayed for a few weeks and they would have to repaint when someone moved out.

Part of those twelve weeks, Ester and I were hospitalized at Mt. Sinai; she had chicken pox, and they tossed me into the same crib figuring I would get it also. I guess I did. Just as well that we were together, as the hospital did not allow rooming-in then. My father took the subway from the West Side to Grand Central Station, then up to the East Side each day to visit. On one of those trips, he stopped to get a large-wheeled pram donated to us through HIAS. It was quite a bulky task to take it through the subway. But I have fond memories of that Rolls Royce of baby carriages; Ester and I would ride in it to go shopping at the public market: usually, we did not take the bus--my mother got car-sick. The pram was grey, the tires also and the spokes were shiny. It had leaves of shock absorbers so that we could be rocked in it. It had a hood. The handle was chromed on the sides, swooping up to a grey, ribbed handle.

My father said that HIAS offered to send him to technical school or college. He refused. He had been accepted to the engineering school in Poland, Warsaw, I think. No small feat for a Jew with their quotas. But that was in 1939. He said he felt he had taken so much from HIAS already. I think he was too tired to go to school, except to study English and prepare for citizenship.

Instead, he took the first job available with a Jewish junk dealer in Syracuse. We stayed there for about a year and a half. I have no memories of that, but a story. We lived in a one room walk-up apartment over a store. It had a stove in the center of the room for heating. My crib was against a window on the wall near the exit door. One day, my parents went out to buy something. I was left in the crib so that I could not get burned at the stove. When they returned, my father tells this part with a smile, I had smeared my feces over the crib bars, the window and myself. I was smiling and eating it also, he says.



My father enjoyed working for this Jewish metals dealer. At first, he worked sorting in the junk yard. Soon, they gave him the truck to do carting among the four yards that this man owned. Being in a truck or car meant much to him, I think, because his last job in the camps was to repair and clean the SS's personal cars, both Mercedes and Cadillacs. The Jewish owner told my father that he would be promoted quickly, because he was a bright, hard worker.

But my mother was lonely for her sister in Rochester, so we moved. Uncle Zachariah had gotten a job at Hickey-Freeman by saying that he was a tailor -- a fib, but he stayed at that job, sewing zippers and such for many years

I did not understand as a child why my mother wanted to move closer to Adelle. My mother, the eldest was given charge of Adelle to take her from Zdunskawolla to the Soviet Union after the Nazi invasion. Mother told story after story about how impossible Adelle was. For instance, when they were working the black market (carting onions, I think), they were given chase. My mother fell on railroad ties, slashing her right shin some ten or twelve inches. Adele hightailed it despite my mother's cries. She would show us the uncultured, badly scarred wound each time she told the story.

Then there was the time when a coarse, Cossack-like character showed up at my mother's Russian doorstep, insisting on her sexual favors; he said he had purchased these from Adele. I don't know how she got out of that one. But, I mostly didn't understand why she wanted to move closer to Adelle, as my memories of them were constant, hateful fighting.

We lived in the center of Rochester, off Joseph Avenue. It had once been the Jewish neighborhood and it still had the good Jewish merchants on Joseph Avenue. The middle class Jews who had left, still returned on Sundays to shop. I remember even years later, when I returned on Sundays with my father returning to the stores. How long it took at the Bakery, even after getting your number from the machine that spit-out the ticket, because so many people would visit with the sales clerks, catching-

up on the previous week's news. I was fascinated by the box-tying machine. The lady would put the box with pastries or a cake on the machine and press a footpeddle. The string-- it was red and white spirals, I think--would leap around the box. It would turn around the box 90 degrees and the machine would tie a knot at the top! Sometimes the rolls were still warm from the oven. My father would offer choices for bread. I didn't like the one "with seeds," as the lady said--Caraway. But my parents did. There was a butcher shop. I remember his hands mostly. They were swollen and red. I remember wondering if he somehow absorbed the blood from the meat. Also, the fish store, which made me ill: I would have to wait outside, as the smell made me nauseous. I would eat no fish, even Gefilte fish. My father wondered aloud about my paternity, given my aversion to fish. When I was older, about 10 or 11, and threatened with braces for an overbite, my father tried to convince me that if I ate fish, with its protruding lower jaw, this would counteract my overbite: maybe I wouldn't need braces. Didn't work. I didn't eat fish until adulthood, but snuck some canned Gefilte fish with major amounts of beet-flavored horseradish on top at the Schul, figuring I would see if it would save orthodontic work. Didn't even shorten the time in braces.

There was the "dairy" store which sold more than cheese and milk. The owner was a dour man. Later, after we had moved, my parents said that the owner died after he had had two fender-bender accidents with his truck: upset, my parents said, with how much money he would lose over the accidents. My parents said that he has a Skneh, a cheapskate, a miser. But he sold farmer's cheese and Halvah. When I read about Manah coming from heaven during Moses's journey in the desert, I was (and am still) convinced that it was Halvah. I know that at least one of my Hebrew School teachers said that it was the nature of Manah that it would take on the taste of whatever you desired. But I still believed that its fundamental taste was Halvah. My father razzed years later about my passion for Halvah--bee shit, he called it. We were driving back from Joseph Avenue, we had already moved, and I was unselfconsciously

consuming it in the car. I liked the kind marbled with chocolate. I liked the kind that the owner cut off as a chunk, not the kind that came already wrapped in perfect bars. I liked how it would break off like mica. When he called it bee shit, I felt guilty and gluttonous--there would be little if any left for the others by the time we got home at the rate I was eating.

Our first apartment was at 21 Cole Street. I don't clearly remember it, except the side yard, which was fenced-in. My parents moved as quickly as possible, because the landlord, who also lived there was nasty to my sister and me. For instance, when I was crawling in the yard, he would purposefully step on my hand. This happened more than once.

So we moved to Mr. Katz.



Mr. Katz' s Home.

We lived on the second floor, right side of this four-apartment building. It looked like a big house with a central entrance and four porches (two up, two down) that had thick, white wooden railings and newels. Mr. Katz lived downstairs. He was big, obese, bald and usually wore a white tee shirt --the kind with narrow straps on the shoulders and vertical ribbing on the fabric-- sometimes overalls. I remember that in the good weather he ate his dinner on the front porch. Chicken. I recall his sitting, not eating as a fly roamed around the chicken thigh and side. I asked my mother, too loudly, I suspect, why Mr. Katz let a fly walk around his chicken.

He had grandchildren, but lived alone. Once when they came to visit, he gave us change to get ice cream at the corner store, down the corner, then across the street. I was surprised, but suspected that he wanted us to get out of his hair. When we returned, after awhile, his grandson asked me to ask him for more change for ice cream. Katz said, "No!"

When you came upstairs, the hall was dark. There were brown rubber treads on the stairs; at least the lower ones had metal strips nailed to the edges of the stairs. I remember my father repairing these.

You enter into what we used as the living room, but was probably intended as the dining room. You will see why in a moment. The apartment ran lengthwise to both right and left as you enter.

In the living room, we eventually put a television--this was about 1953. My father recalled seeing TVs in Manhattan store windows. People would gather to watch shows. The T.V. became central to my life.

To the right was my parents' bedroom, in what probably was intended as the living room. There was no door; it was separated from our living room by a colonnaded entrance--white, fluted wooden posts. Their bed was set parallel to the street, or perpendicular to the apartment's axis. Beyond the bed were French doors to the porch. The bed usually had a chenille bedspread. I remember the pocked pattern on my cheek

after napping on it. Beneath that, our prize possessions from Germany, a down coverlet with silky-feeling fabric that was usually in a cloth pillowcase, but that had a diamond cutout in the center. In my own bed, I would slip my feet into the diamond to feel the silky covering of the down coverlet. Mine was salmon-pink on one side, blue on the other. The down feathers would peek out of the seams and I could pull them out and tickle my face, usually while falling asleep. I felt a bit guilty for depleting the down.

My father slept on the right, mother on the left. This was important to know at night: with bad dreams always approach mother's side.

Return to the entrance door (we will return later to the porch). If you turned left, you walked through a doorway (no door that I can recall, or a swinging door that was always left open), which brought you into the kitchen. To the right was the busy area the sink against the window. If you turn to face the sink and window, the stove in on the left, refrigerator to the right. The kitchen table and chairs, which I really liked, were central. I can picture activity at the working end of the room-

-my mother plucking and singeing the chicken (it cost more to have them do it at the public market): I recall the acrid smell of the singed chicken feathers and the stubbornness of the skin. This is how I later imagined the crematoria smelled.

But, if you continue along the left wall (as you enter the kitchen) you come to the doorway to the bedroom hallway. From the hallway was first, the bathroom (it figured in a recurrent dream), next my room, then Ester's and finally the back door, which led to a landing where we once fed a stray cat that my father brought home. My father found it on the way back from one of his late night English/citizenship classes. I recall trying to teach the cat how to lap milk with my tongue, when it seemed uncertain or reluctant to do so on its own. Me kneeling, bottom up, put off the cat a bit further, I suspect. My mother nixed the cat as it defecated around the apartment, so she said.

The doorway from the kitchen to the bedrooms hallway was significant in an image I had which for many years I thought was a real episode, or perhaps a recurrent dream. My sister and parents were working at the far end of the kitchen (near the sink, away from the doorways) and I approached the doorway. The hallway was dark. Something grabbed my left arm. I turned to the right to scream for help, but no voice came out clearly. It grabbed my right arm and was pulling me into the hallway's darkness. It was more difficult for me to turn my head to the right to call for help. The episode ended. Even as a child, I thought that this most likely was a dream, but remembered feeling as if it really had happened. As I felt panicked, my parents, unable to hear me, continued working.

My mother's brother and wife were in Israel. She missed him and my parents sent money to bring them to Rochester after about a year. Ironically, Abram did well financially--owned a grocery and even employed my father in the evenings and weekends years later. Until Abram and Chaya (also my mother's name) accused my father of pilfering the till. So he quit.

My mother tells the following story of how she recognized Abram, who was pre-pubertal when she left Poland, after the War. She returned to Zdunskawolla and to her home. The new Polish occupants told her that her family was burned and sent her off. She said that she went crazy for a day or so, losing time. She thought that she recognized the burnt hair of her parents and siblings on the ground. A Polack called her Zhid and she beat him badly (she is but five feet tall). A young man came to her calling her name, saying that he was her brother Abram. She refused to believe him; didn't recognize him, a strapping young fellow. In the street, he pulled off his shoes and showed her his feet: he had bifurcating second and third toes on both feet. She believed him then.

Adelle, Zachariah, Abram and Chaya got on well, with my mother being on the outs. They moved north, closer to the Lake, and we eventually near the southern edge of the city. I missed playing ball with my four cousins. When I was in high school, my mother went to seek Rabbi Karp's advice on a recent battle with her brother and sister (really, she most likely sought him out to get him to side with her). Rabbi Karp said that it was ironic that Hitler tried to destroy them; they had survived only to war amongst themselves.

But when we all lived near Joseph Avenue, I remember walking past their buildings and my aunt beckoning for Ester and I to cross the street: she gave us some change, I gathered to try to win us over.

I have two faint scars on my right forehead, like a backward L almost. I am told that this happened when I was visiting my cousins in the old apartment and one of them flipped onto a radiator.

I will tell you more about my cousins, Big Fishl, Sammy, Louie (my twin as he was born the same day, same hospital in Heidenheim) and little Fishl later. Now, more about our place on Cole Street.

Once, when I was about four or five, Mr. Katz locked himself out of his apartment. He asked me to help him get in. His bedroom window was ajar. He boosted me and told me to climb through and unlock his door. I did. I saw, as I walked through the bedroom, the large rectangular black metal safe with a chrome dial that he had opposite the foot of his bed. He told my parents that before I unlocked the door, I had robbed his safe!

I knew some about locks, because that is mostly what my father's company made. He had a chrome safe dial with a green felt bottom that could be used as a paperweight. I loved spinning it, it ran so smoothly. I was surprised (and disappointed) that my father couldn't crack the locks. Anyway, at four, I certainly couldn't. My parents explained that Mr. Katz didn't trust banks. He kept his money in his safe.

The porch was important to me. I have two memories of it. I had asked my parents to teach me English. My father responded, "Du vest nicht vergessen English; du vest vergessen Iddish" (You won't forget English, you will forget Yiddish.). So, we continued speaking Yiddish at home, and I learned my English on the street.

Apparently, I came home with some unrepeatable, spicy English and my father decided it was time to teach me to read and speak English. We got my first book from the library, a place I learned to treasure. It was about a burro or donkey in the Grand Canyon. I can picture one drawing of the burro with a boy astride, walking down an inclined path in the Canyon. I also can picture sitting on the porch, both my parents listening and my father teaching me to read.

Not my mother, as she never learned to read or write English. She never attended school in Poland. To do that, you needed a birth certificate, she explained. To get that, you had to go to Lodz or Warsaw. Since it was too expensive to send someone there at each birth, her family and others waited until several children were born, collected enough money to register them all, then sent a relative to make the trip.



He, enterprising as he was, used the bankroll to buy a one-way ticket ultimately to the U.S. So my mother is not exactly sure what day she was born and didn't attend school.

At nine, as the oldest, she began working in the thread and fabric mills. Her first job was to crawl under the looms to clean up the loose threads and such. Her father, Fischl, was some 20 years older than her mother, Ester. He was a strick-macher, a harness-maker for horses in an era when, even in Poland was seeing cars. So they were poor. She recalls one winter day when they were evicted (by their Jewish landlord) for nonpayment of rent. The local rebbe argued with the landlord to no avail.

Her mother was embarrassed to let others know of their poverty, so she would keep hot water boiling to pretend that she was cooking potatoes (bulbes).

In any case, my grandfather was also extremely religious. He wouldn't work Shabbos. My mother did at first surreptitiously, then not so and when he found out, she was beaten by him.

The second memory of the porch was when I was alone. The railing was less than my height. Vertical spindles were thick and painted white--worked on a lathe--as my father did with metal. I climbed over the railing and, facing the porch, tried walking along the narrow ledge overlooking the street. The broad stairs leading from the street to the first floor porch were directly below me. There was a metal railing dividing the stairs below. It was made of metal pipes with elbow joints where it turned vertical to meet the wood. I remember hanging upside-down and, sloth-like, shinnying down the railing on the first floor. I don't recall Mr. Katz ever objecting to that.

I didn't fall from the second floor porch.

I have visual fragments of memory of the geography of the neighborhood. There was a semicircular alley that led behind the houses. It was gravel, so there were potholes, which, after rains, were small pools, good for splashing in. We also looked for insects and hoped to find fish or crabs. Across the street was a street/alley that was angular and led to a carpenter's home. This was really his avocation. He made



windmills that not only showed direction, but also would dance and move: a fisherman who could repeatedly pull a fish out when the wind blew.

I wanted a boat that would float in my bathtub. I took a piece of wood and tried to cut a prow with an old-fashioned can opener, the kind you needed before pop-tops with one pointed end and a blunt end for bottle caps. I was intrigued that when you opened the can, one hole was not enough you needed to make a second on the opposite side (unless you made the first hole really large then it gurgled out). We used it to open condensed milk, which I thought tasted awful.

I kept scoring the wood, but made little headway. I looked from the porch and thought of the carpenter. I went to see him. He had a power table saw. He made a three-decker with a central mast. Then, he drilled holes in the mast and used clear fishing line to run from bow, through the mast to the stern. He painted it with a shiny enamel. It looked grand. But I really wanted to make it with his help. I also felt uncomfortable when he offered to put the fishing line through. It looked so clear and special and expensive. After all, the boat did float, albeit akimber.

This was on a weekend. My father worked two jobs until I was seven. He left Sargent and Greenleaf (the lock maker) at four and went to a small machine shop on the outskirts of the city, which two brothers owned. One of them invented a screw or bolt with a plastic, self-sealing washer inside the head. My father worked there Saturdays also. He admired the brother who invented the self-locking bolt. Sometimes I would go with him. Usually no one else was there. Sometimes the brothers stopped in. They were friendly. One was fat, the other bald. They argued a lot, but my father explained that they loved each other. I couldn't figure that.

I liked the smell of the machine oil and metal. (I recognize it now in some European elevators.) I liked reaching into the barrel of small, shiny bolts that my father made and scooping-up handfuls. They felt quite heavy, given that each was small.

My father showed me the lathe. Each time he cocked back the machine, another tool would move into position. He would press each sequentially against the metal pin on the lathe and a bolt or screw would gradually take shape. He used an air gun suspended from the ceiling near the machine to spray off the metal fragments or chips as he worked. I enjoyed playing with the air gun. Its handle was quite small (it reminded me of the derringer that I would see on a T.V. Western), but I could make dents or sketch air paths in my palm, which would disappear when I moved the air gun, or let go of the trigger.

There was also a soda machine for which my father would give me a nickel. The machine was tricky, at least for a five or six year-old. It stood horizontally, like the old deep freezers that opened from the top, as this did. Then the bottles were suspended by the swelling on their necks. Just below the bottle cap was this swelling, or lip as my father would call it. You put in the nickel, then had to guide your choice of soda down one of several parallel rows. Imagine looking down on the soda machine. The bottle left its row into a single, slightly larger perpendicular channel around a sharp turn to a latch. This new channel no longer held the bottle neck. If you weren't careful and the bottle slipped out of your fingers, it went down to the bottom of the machine. Then you press and pull the bottle firmly against and upwards on the latch, which tipped obliquely toward you. And you had the soda. I don't remember ever dropping a bottle, just my studied attention to keep my grip on the top of the bottle. I like grape soda or orange. (We didn't have soda at home except on Passover.) I was surprised when I was older to learn that most people preferred colas; while I wanted to be like most Americans, I still preferred grape or orange.

The first I learned about what had happened to my grandparents, aunts and uncles, was after talking with the Italian girl who lived next door in a house recessed from the street. She was pretty with dark, curly hair. I don't recall exactly, but she asked something about my grandparents, hers being around much of the time. I was

about four and hadn't made much of not having grandparents. So, I asked my mother why. She reacted with a veil of tears. She spilled sorrow for me, because I didn't have grandparents. I remember feeling overwhelmed. I had asked what I thought was a simple question. I didn't feel that deprived. She told me about Hitler and Nazis and SS and how they had murdered her parents, brothers and sisters. It might have been then that she showed me the only remaining photograph that she had of one sister: she was in a row, some sort of gymnastics group. The women (they looked teen-age) had their arms on each others shoulders and were kicking up their left legs to their right. My mother wanted me to see how beautiful her sister had been. She didn't look that beautiful to me, but what was I to say?

My mother continued, saying something about how I shouldn't hate Germans, although she could never forgive them. I felt confused about Germans and Italians, perhaps because this little girl had asked me this question; perhaps because I had some envy that she had such a large family that buffered her from such intense feelings with a parent.

There were three baby-sitters that I had a crush on. One I remember only visually, as she was walking on our side of the street. She lived between our home and our former flat. She lived with her mother and a German shepherd. She was pretty, but walked with a limp on her left leg. I had some sense, perhaps I heard my parents talk, that she remained unmarried because of her limp.

Down the street, toward the corner store and on our side, lived twin Puerto Rican teen-agers. They were identical twins. They would sit for us. When they did, they read to us, played and they were pretty. I liked the color of their skin and hair. My parents went out infrequently--New Years was usual. They belonged to an immigrants' club--they called themselves Greener for greenhorns. They voted to name the club the Moshe Anielewich Society, after one of the heroes of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising who perished. This naming resulted in the first political battle I recall and the personal,

family feelings underpinning these: if, following Clausewitz, war is an extension of politics, for my mother and her brother and sister, politics was an extension of family battles.

The non-Anielewich group included my aunts and uncles: they wanted to name their group the New Americans' Club. They preferred to spend their meeting time playing cards, my mother said disdainfully. Some had pretensions of having come from higher society in Poland or Russia. One family refused to speak Yiddish at home, insisting on Polish instead. My father said that they walked around with their noses in the air not because they came from such cultured backgrounds, rather because they were from such plebeian and impoverished homes: they had lived in cellar apartments and kept their noses in the air to look out their basement windows to look up women's dresses.

Both groups used the same social hall, but at different times: it had been the Hall for the Jewish Labor Unions (now moribund in Rochester). It was musty. They held special birthday parties in the basement: it was spare and had metal poles that supported the floor above. These were good for climbing and sliding down, pretending to be firemen. They would open long, folding tables and chairs for a party. My sixth and last celebrated birthday party until my Bar Mitzvah was there. Things went fine until some parents insisted that one of the other boys should sing for the whole group at the end. They chorused that he had such a wonderful voice. My parents acceded. He was put up on a chair so we could hear and see him better. They should have saved it for his own party.

Once, the Puerto Rican twins both were not available. One of my friends, also on our side of the street, between Mr. Katz's and our twin baby-sitters, had a teen-age sister. He didn't like her, but I liked him, so we agreed to have her as a sitter. Quite a disaster, although comical in retrospect. She was shrewish, wouldn't play or read to us. Seemed she couldn't wait to get us to bed. Finally, she insisted that we take baths. I

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was already in my pajamas. I refused. She began hollering at my sister to take a bath. As she approached my sister threateningly, I grabbed a broom and whacked the sitter across the bottom. She began chasing me, Ester chasing her to protect me. I made for the door, down the stairs and across the street before the sitter grabbed. I clung to a street lamp, my sister to the sitter. Somehow, we got her to call our parents, who returned all dressed up and sent her packing.

When they would go out, my parents would bring back some sweets from the party--eclairs or petit-fours. We would have them in the morning. My mother baked poorly, explaining that she never had anyone to teach her how to bake.

I do recall feeling left out by many kids on the street. We ran in small gangs. I picture them running off, across the street, leaving me sitting on the curb alone.

One friend lived next to the corner grocery, on the second floor. He gave me several biology lessons. First, he showed me that when he dropped a cat from the second story (I think it was his sister's cat), it landed on its feet. We got to try that only once. Second, he showed me how to make a grasshopper spit. It was brownish liquid that he told me was like the tobacco juice that baseball players spit out. Well, he also showed me how to pull the legs off grasshoppers and flies, which I couldn't do.

I went on errands to the corner grocery. I liked especially buying bread: it was American, so no seeds. I liked breaking off the crusty end--the bread was sometimes still warm--and eating it while walking home. When we went to the A&P, however, I favored the Red, Yellow and Blue balloons sliced white bread: very American. I even tried Campbell's tomato soup because of the "MMMM--good" ad, but I didn't find it palatable.

Getting me to school was not easy. By then we had a television, which transfixed me.

But also, I liked my play time at home and had no sense of why I should attend school, even though my sister did. For T.V., I remember Pinkie Lee. He seemed so

caring: At the start of the show, he asked us (me and whomever else was watching elsewhere), to stand up and pace our steps away from the television, so that we shouldn't hurt our eyes by sitting too closely. I liked how he talked with the kids in his audience. I do remember that he always reminded us that when we washed our faces, we should wash behind our ears: I tried it a few times, but didn't find it comfortable to have water run down my neck and such. But I didn't feel that Pinkie Lee would hold that against me, and I didn't think that I was so dirty behind my ears.

I played readily by myself, usually in the front rooms, my mother in the kitchen. I recall playing going to work. I had a doctor's bag (My father carried a black, pebbly-textured metal lunch pail. The top was rounded and you opened it from the side and folded back the top. It had a black handle on the top that was connected to the pail by shiny rectangular rings, so that the handle fell flat against the top when you put it down. I far as I was concerned, my doctor's bag was a lunch pail.). I took my sister's baby doll, the kind with molded hair and eyes that closed when she lay down, and put it at the end of my parents' bed, near the French doors. I kissed her goodbye, picked up my pail, then began to leave, then returned to kiss her goodbye. This went on for a while: I don't recall ever getting to work.

I said that I wouldn't go to school unless they had a T.V. My sister, at my mother's instigation, I think, said that they did. Boy was I disappointed at first. But my kindergarten teacher was wonderful. She was young, quite pretty and was kind. She knew that I could read and early on invited me to sit in her lap and read a book to the others. I felt princely. We took naps on little rugs that we unrolled and placed on the black and white tiled floor. It seems to me that I remember that the girl who napped near me had braids that were tempting to pull.

I suppose most teachers would have been a disappointment after her. But my first grade teacher was an ogre. She was black, quite unusual then. Here's what happened. We had our desks in a semicircle. They were the oak wooden desks that

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the implications of the findings. It explores the potential applications of the research in various fields and the impact it may have on future studies.

5. The fifth part of the document provides a conclusion and summarizes the key points of the study. It also includes a list of references and a bibliography of the sources used in the research.

had a built-in left arm that was shaped into a desk top as it came in front, sort of like an eccentric paddle. You stored your books under the chair on some wooden rectangular slats. I was showing off to the fellow next to me that I could do a Hula dance, something I had seen on T.V. The teacher saw me, called me to stand in front of the class and show everyone. Well it was one thing to surreptitiously choose to show one child, quite another to do a demonstration, especially when it was clear that the teacher was punishing me. I felt humiliated and refused. She became angrier and said that I had to go down to my former kindergarten teacher's class and stand outside the door the rest of the day. I then felt mortified. I loved my kindergarten teacher and didn't want her to know that I was being punished. So, when my first grade teacher left me (I was in tears as I went down the stairs), I skipped. I had heard about and later met the truant officer. I took back alleys home, terrified that he would see me. My mother half disbelieving me, said that school was my second home and brought me back. Things got worse. My teacher was furious. After my mother left (unbeknownst to my teacher or I, my mother was hesitating at the bottom of the stairwell), the teacher dragged me by my arm, saying that now she would make me sit in my kindergarten teacher's room.. She physically dragged me down the stairs by one arm, as I cried, grabbing at the black stair railings with my other hand. When she saw my mother, at first the teacher hesitated, then kept dragging. My mother went to the principal's office to complain--to no avail.

My kindergarten teacher was wonderful: she received me sympathetically and let me read a story to her class. My mother felt badly at how my teacher treated me, but as an immigrant, she seemed intimidated by the principal and school. A younger Greener child who attended my school after we had moved, told me that he had a teacher who had the class read silently or sit with hands folded while read to himself and sipped from a straw that emerged from his inside suit pocket. This went on for most of their year and the entire class was held

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back the following year.

I had a pair of Lederhosen, or at least shorts with leather suspenders that had fancy, frilled edging and decorations embedded into the horizontal leather strap that ran across my chest connecting the suspenders. I recall walking with my mother on a major street near Joseph Avenue.

We would usually walk to the public market with the pram, as my mother got car sick on the bus. When we took the bus, I recall her having to get out on a commercial street, quite some ways from home because she felt ill. Once, we got out near Bausch and Lomb where Tante 'Della (as we called her, more like a single word: Tantedella), worked. I felt as if we should go into her work to ask for help, and didn't understand why my mother wouldn't.

The pram was big enough to carry Ester, I and groceries. Ester would sit in back under the canopy, and I just beneath its opening. I recall a photograph of us in the pram: You see the bonnet on Ester's head, with its small peak or brim and it tied beneath her chin, and I in front. She's obscured by the shade of the canopy and by me. I liked the rocking motion as we rode.

The public market was lively. When he didn't work on a Saturday, my father went with us. There were open stalls to which the farmers backed their trucks. There were a few closed buildings that had openings in their sides; you didn't walk in, but shopped from the outside. The Schochet was here. He was costly: I think 25 cents for schechita and extra for plucking. He had some sort of plucking machine of which I have vague memory. It looked something like the horizontal commercial ironing machines. This was well inside the building, I'll describe as best I can what I saw. You come up to an opening that was about waist-high for an adult. I could see better when I stood back from it a bit. It had a shelf. The Schochet had a beard and Kippah. He was obese. I was puzzled that he had a bloody apron, yet was called a Rabbi. He had to cut the chicken's neck in one sweep of the knife so that the meat would be Kosher, that



is so that the chicken wouldn't experience (much?) pain. Yet, I could see the chicken struggling, flapping even after the schechita. Then, he held it by the neck up to this machine, which seemed to vacuum off most of the feathers. Then back to you.

Going to the stalls was most fun. I was amazed that one farmer would be so specialised. At the end of the long, open-air, but roofed buildings would be a huge pile of melons--cantaloupes, honeydew, watermelon. My father taught me tips about how to select the best-tasting fruits and vegetables, although I detested most vegetables, especially crunchy ones. Tips that I hold even today. Melons: find the stem end, after picking one that didn't have too many green streaks (this is for cantaloupes). And he didn't like the ones that had pale patches or weren't round. Press it and it should give a bit, smell it for a kind of sweet mustiness. Eggs: prefer the candled ones, so you know that there won't be blood in them. (I didn't learn until later that this meant they had been fertilised, the blood spot.) Since candled eggs cost more, sometimes my father would pick the non-candled ones and hold them up to the sky. Check each one in the carton to see that it had no cracks and moved easily--if one was stuck to the carton, it could be hard to remove intact later. If you try to remove it, it could crack in the carton, and you have egg white floating out of its shell, out of the cell holding the egg and onto the other eggs. My father liked the brown shelled kind, but admitted that they tasted the same, and you certainly couldn't hold them up to sky to look for blood spots. Some eggs were soiled and reminded me of where they came from, endowing me with a cloacal view of the birth process.

Watermelons were special. In good weather, we had a pushcart man who came down our street yelling "watermelo' nes!" I think he was Italian. He would use a large knife to cut out a narrow plug of melon for the mothers to taste: point first with three thrusts to pull out a ruby prism. It was always sweet. Short of cutting out a plug, or cutting the watermelon open in the market, my father would thump them.

I liked the cheese stands. They were so clean, not as cluttered with foods or papers or chicken droppings as were the other stalls. I liked the scales and the they would give you a taste of cheeses. You could also but honey, and I recall the shades of amber in the bottles lined up. These stalls took so little space, compared to the fruit or vegetable trucks with produce seemingly spilling out their backs.

At the butcher's my mother bought cow intestine to make kishke a foul-smelling procedure, but I liked the outcome. I don't think I let myself know that these were bowels. But, I recall her everting them in the kitchen sink, cold water running, to clean them. After all the scrubbing and rinsing, she stuffed and baked them Truly wonderful if I didn't let myself think of their origins. When we went to the Anielewicz Club, and they served kishke, it was with fake casing, this was a poor substitute. I happened to like liver, both fried (even with onions, as long as these were well-cooked and had no crunchiness remaining), but especially chopped (it really was the texture of pate, but that word seems pretentious for this childhood food.) Because I hated onions, I suspect that my mother often made chopped liver as a vehicle to get onion into me. She kept on about how the people that she knew in the Russian labor camps would get something she called shkorbut from not eating onions. She tried to rub them raw on my gums to prevent this. I suspected, when I was older, that she was referring to scurvy, about which I didn't have to worry.

About the chicken procedure, I also had mixed feelings. We didn't always get chicken at the public market---too costly, especially with schechita. When we did, I recall the furious plucking of the remaining feathers, then the scorching smell when she passed the chicken over the stove to get rid of the remaining stubble. Opening the chicken was a hold-your-breath event. If she found a yolk (without shell), this went into the soup and was delicious. If she found an unlayed egg, she would wipe it clean quickly, then wipe it across our eyes from the inner canthum outwards on each side. This was to bring good luck or perhaps health. I liked the feeling of warmth, but was

somewhat uncomfortable with having a chicken innard applied to my eyes. the heart and liver went into the soup, as did the legs. My sister loved chewing the bright yellow, scaly skin off the legs. I liked the neck, but wondered why it had to be so much effort to get at the tender, flaky dark meat: all the small bones of the vertebrae getting in the way. I also sucked out the sweet center of the neck.

And beef marrow. She would cook bones from the butcher--I think that he did not charge for these--to make soup. Then we would suck out the marrow, working around the trabeculae: Sometimes there were open canals in the center, so you could scoop out the marrow, or suck out a lump; other times, you had to work almost as avidly as with chicken necks.

My father liked galleh. This was a jelly-like substance, made in a rectangular, shallow metal baking pan, that was made from the collagen substance of bones, flavored with garlic. It had a cloudy, fatty layer, which covered this dark amber galleh that had pieces of garlic and other flaky pieces embedded. Like a Jewish Jello. I did without.

My father buttered both sides of dark pumpernickel. When I asked why, he said, "Why shouldn't both his upper and lower teeth be happy?" when he ate at home, it was with relish. He opened his mouth so wide, his jaws clicked. His bite left the imprint of his teeth on the bread and butter.

My mother loved Kellogg's Corn Flakes, because on her first taste in NYC, she thought it was like fresh rolls. I didn't think these tasted the same. But, she would tell me the story of Bontsche Schweig, Bontsche the Silent, that I believe she was unaware was connected to her simple delight; corn flakes.

Bontsche was a plain, simple quiet, long-suffering fellow, who lived a virtuous life on earth, despite calumny and degradation. Upon dying, the angels in Heaven implored God to grant Bontsche whatever he desired in Heaven. God acceded, and the welcoming angel made this generous offer to Bontsche. His response, as he first surveyed the riches, then hung his head, was to ask for a fresh roll with butter. The



angels hung their heads in shame. Bontsche was so beaten, I thought, that he could not request anything more than this simple pleasure. The angels' shame was for what was done to Bontsche to bring him to such impoverished desires. Perhaps, I thought, this guided my mother's life.

When we shopped, my mother and I, I was embarrassed that she couldn't read. She also did things that embarrassed me. We were walking towards Cole Street, returning from Joseph Avenue. She carried no tissues, so she stepped to the bushes near the sidewalk, pressed one thumb against her nostril and blew her nose, once on each side.

Because she didn't carry tissues, I suppose, when I had a smudge somewhere on my face, or some traces of chocolate smile or food on the edges of my lips or corners of my mouth, I dreaded the cleaning. She used her spittle on her finger, or a paper napkin if we were in a store, to do the work. I recall the smell of her spittle and my grimace at the procedure.

Memories about the A&P. My sister and I, I must have been about four, called this store with our combination Yiddish and "childish" pronunciation, the "Empee." We are standing alone outside the front doors, to the left of the doors. We are crying. People stop, realizing that we are lost. They ask where our parents are. Both sobbing and speaking Yiddish-childish, we try to say that our parents are in the "Empee," not knowing that we were standing outside the store. Someone finally understands our pronunciation and reunite us.

The second A&P episode occurred after we had the car. We are parked in the lot behind the store. We were leaving the grocery store. I was holding one bag. Outside, there were boys hovering around us, offering to carry my bag. I gave my bag to one, He must have been eight or nine, and I about five or six. I didn't understand that they wanted money for this. I thought they wanted to do a favor. When we got to the car, my father gave him a nickel and told me in a disappointing tone that I shouldn't have



offered the bag. I remember wishing taht he had told me this when the boy asked for the bag. I was struggling with it, but I would have carried it to the car.

We bought our first car in 1955, a '53 Chevy Bel Air. My father waited , in part, because of the recession during the Eisenhower era; he continued to mistrust the Republicans after that recession. He had been out of work for six months. He did not have unambivalent feelings about Eisenhower, I later learned. My father felt it wrong of Eisenhower to keep them in D.P. camps, although my father made the best of it , he told me stories of this later, like hopping on a 1500 cc. BMW motorcycle that he found at the roadside and roaring off, having never driven a motorcycle or car before.

The tree with red, velvet flowers was a marker for my first bike ride. My father bought a girl's bike with training wheels; a girl's , so that Ester and I could ride it. I was mildly disappointed that it wasn't a boy's bike, a transverse bar parallel to the ground, but at least it was blue. My father set the training wheels slightly high; the bike tipped side-to-side. It felt a bit rushed, too tippy. I started with my father running at my left side, his right hand holding the back of the bike seat. Because his hand was on the back, I couldn't see when he let go, then realized that it first felt tippy as he continued to run along with me, then that I had left him behind. I was on my own. As I approached the velvet tree where bumble bees harvested, three houses down, I got too scared, stopped the bike and hopped off to my right, away from the tree. Two scared feelings occurred sequentially: that I was on my own, too soon; that I was near the bees.

There was a connection in my mind about the bees and the velvet flowers, and it was not that the bees harvested nector, which I could not see. Rather, it made sense that the bumble bees with velvety bodies would gravitate to the velvet petals. It was discrodant that these velvet-bottomed bees could also sting, a lurking pain within their softness.

I lost my first tooth prematurely. It had to do with my father's belt, so I will describe it. The buckle had a script "H" on it; this was raised and outlined in black. It

buckled in an unusual way: the leather had no holes. Instead, the belt went through an opening under the front edge of the buckle, through a racket-like piece at the back of the buckle, when you opened the buckle like a jaw. The buckle itself had lips on its top and lower edges that went over the sides of the leather. The buckle was shiny, and I liked to trace the feel of the raised, embossed "H" with my finger. The "H" was in script with a flourish at the top left and bottom right, like tendrils of a grape vine.

We were "dancing," my father and I. Ester and my mother clapped and looked on in the living room. Dancing consisted of my jumping up and down. I came down on the buckle; my tooth came out, and it hadn't been loose. I was startled and it hurt. I don't recall what happened after, but not much fussing and some reassurance that another tooth would grow in. This was extraordinary to me: that you could grow in a new tooth, a second chance.

I learned later that my father's front teeth were knocked out and his nose broken when the SS came to take him and his family to the Camps. My father stepped in front of his mother (my grandfather, my namesake, had died some nine years before after a progressive neurological illness) and a Nazi smashed a chair across his face. The chair leg broke off. I had simply thought of my father's front teeth as his front teeth. I could see that behind the white "enamel," on the edges of the teeth, there was gold; kind of a trimming. I liked how they looked. Later, I wondered what it was like for him to go through the rest of the War without front teeth. I was left wondering if his "Shaygetz"-like bobbed nose, which I admired and desired, was the result of this Nazi's impromptu plastic surgery.

We did attend the Schul, but only on Rosh Hashonah and Yom kippur, and Pesach. I recall the Schul, or parts of it. When I was 12, I returned with a boy's choir to sing there, and it fills-in my visual memory of the Schul proper. It was set back from Joseph Avenue, near the end of the Avenue, heading towards the city and before the railway overpass. It was quite a walk. The Schul was a grey stone and had a domed



top and a round stain glass window over the entrance. I mostly remember the back stairs leading from the main doors to the sanctuary. (That is an odd sounding word, sanctuary, for what I think of as a Schul.) When you stepped out of the back of the main prayer hall, there were two stair-cases; you take a sharp right or left turn and go down. If you go up, you get to the woman's balcony. Anyhow, the stairs were wooden, but carpetted with a red and patterned thick carpet. The carpet was held into place under the lip of each step by bronze-looking metal bars that tucked the carpet against the back of each step. When the Rabbi gave his sermon, he waited so the children could leave. These stairs were wonderful for bumping down on my rear. We would open our mouths and intone monotonic "Ehhh's": the stairs punctuating our monosyllabic hymn. And for some reason, we could make what seemed like plenty of noise. When I return at 12 with Michael Osband's father and his choir for High Holidays (and the first time that I fasted the entire Yom Kippur and almost fainted), I'll describe the main prayer hall.

There may have been several events that led up to our moving, but I remember the precipitant. The kitchen floor had sheet, linoleum flooring, brown with worn-through holes, black tarpaper beneath. Mr Katz offered to but new flooring if my father agreed to remoe the old and put in the new. My father did--and Mr Katz raised our rent substantially, saying that, after all, we had a new kitchen floor.

So, we moved.



Chapter Two

I don't remember house-hunting before the move. I only remember looking at the one house that we finally moved to: 294 Dartmouth Street, where I spent the rest of my youth and adolescence. I don't know quite why my parents looked in that southern part of the city; most of the Greener, including my four cousins, were moving north to working-class or lower middle class neighborhoods, closer to Kodak and the Lake. But our part of the city did border on the middle class Jewish neighborhood, Brighton, and near-by, the University. Perhaps that's what motivated them.

The house on Dartmouth became so much a part of my body as I grew up and lived there until I left for college, never to live home again. My memories of it the house are more bodily than only visual.

I remember our first look at the house as a family. It was so big; two porches (one on the left led to the upstairs apartment); big picture window to the street from the living room; an extraordinarily long driveway that led to a double garage at the back, each side with a pair of huge vertical barn-size doors that opened from the center. They had hung so long, that they scraped as you tried to open them. There was a horizontal bar to lift in order to pull the door open.

We lived on the first floor, so we could run about as much as we wished. The yard was large and between our yard and our neighbor's backyard was a narrow alley of no man's land that ran most of the way down the block. This was great--we trespassed on no one's turf, yet had free run and could peek into yards as much as we felt comfortable doing so.

My last day at school near Joseph Avenue was at the beginning of the second grade. I got to lead the Pledge of Allegiance, standing beneath the flag that projected obliquely upwards from the front wall next to the blackboard. I faced the class, hand



over heart reciting it all, which included "under God" at that time. I was quite pleased that the teacher chose me to lead.

My entry to second grade in my new school, Francis W. Parker, was eventful. My new classroom had a cloak room parallel to most of the length of the room sharing the outer wall of the hallway. You could enter the calssroom directly from the hallway, or to your left, through the cloakroom and into the rear of the class.

The teacher introduced me and sat me about three rows back. I had a desk top which had a narrow rim for pens (and an inkwell hole) at the top, then a top that tilted downwards. The windows were huge and looked out on a wonderful front lawn that we were not permitted to play on. (We did on weekends and after school.) At the start of school, we qued up at either end of the school doors: you weren't permitted to use the grand front doors (unless you were late).

Anyhow, she sat me in front of Michael Osband, who greeted me, after a few minutes, by whispering to me to put my head lower, "stupid" I seemed to be blocking his view. Didn't know how to do that, so I asked the teacher if I could go to the bathroom, left through the cloak room with my coat and headed home, my heart pounding much of the way. I lived almost the farthest reach of the school district (Osband and Willie Wilfirth and Elizabeth Roop lived a bit farther). Without stopping, about thirty minutes to walk, although this time I ran much of the way. I don't remember telling my mother the why of my hookey and certainly didn't tell the teacher. In fact, this is the first time I've told anyone. Over time, Osband became a close friend, although his father's Orthodox, self-righteous Judaism made this complex.

Most of my walk to school was down Dartmouth, one very long block (probably three standard city blocks), then down Harvard Street. (There were Cambridge and Oxford Streets too--a rather Ivy-league sounding area, although I didn't make the connection until late high school.) Osband also walked down Harvard, often with his older sister. Our school had two classes for each grade: smarter and the not as smart.



But I didn't make much notice of that until seventh grade and learned also that Ester had been placed in the slower track. Anyhow, one day, Osband was about a block behind me on Harvard as I was turning to cross the school street. We were calling each other by last names by fourth grade, so I called out "Osband" so that he could catch up. But his sister bent over and said something to him. He didn't change his pace and when they caught up, they both walked by silently. Osband later told me that his sister instructed him not to talk with me because I had called him by his last, rather than given ("Christian") name. He also explained that while at school he was called Michael, his real name was "Melech," which meant King. And his family name, Osband, meant East Band, which he connected up with some long ago origins in Eastern Europe. Sounded like so much Fahl-de-ral to me then.

The house we lived in was the second from the corner of Monroe Avenue, a main thoroughfare for the southern part of the city. But two houses doesn't quite capture it. The first house was owned by Marilyn Chall's parents: it was a series of kind-of clapboard row houses. They lived in the last one, nearest to us. We had a huge hedge, perhaps six or seven feet, dividing our side yards, then a lower (about three feet) between the houses, part of which were prickly bushes. My father, five feet and two inches, had to use a ladder to trim the bushes. We never owned an electric trimmer, so it was the chopping-shears kind with wooden handles, which tapered slightly near the metal shears. I feel and hear the shearing noise as the blades ran over each other. He also had to lean and stretch to get the entire top trimmed, sometimes with one foot on the top step and the other leg obliquely outwards to counterbalance. He liked to keep them squarely and evenly trim with a sharp 90 degree angle from the top to the sides. He never used a plumb, but the sides were fairly square to near the ground. He asked Mr. Chall to help trim the top: Chall refused, saying that the bushes were on our property. So, after a few years, my father chopped

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down the hedges to manageable height. Mr. Chall, angry at losing his privacy, put up a fence.

Marilyn was pretty and in my class. I was hurt when she had her birthday party, and I was not invited. She would occasionally ask me over to play in their yard, but would not come to our. I was never asked inside their house. I remember that she showed me the aquarium in the back kitchen window, explaining that they had just got tadpoles, were going to grow them into frogs, then eat the legs. I believed her (still do) and was disgusted.

Mr. Chall had one hand, the right, in a claw-like raking position, his middle knuckles higher than the proximal. He said it was because he was shot in the hand during the war. But Mrs. Chall was blond and had a German accent. Their coolness to us, and her to me, came because we were Jews. While he claimed that he was in the American Army, his German bride made living next door a cool affair. The prickly brambles between our houses were an apt horticultural touch.

On the other corner was the Dentist's house and office, which you entered from the back porch. He was an old man. When I was about nine and my sister broke my front tooth, he failed me. It was Purim. We had been to the Purim festival at Beth Sholem, the Orthodox synagogue (more a temple), where we attended Hebrew school. The festival consisted mostly of various throwing contests: the one that cost my tooth was the Haman face: a large clown like face painted on a board with a large cut-out for his mouth. You got three marble-filled "bean bags" made of cloth and had to get them into his mouth. When we came home, we continued the game. Ester and I went on either side of her bed, kneeling. We took marbles and tried to throw them into each other's mouths, remembering to tuck the back of our tongues against our hard palates so that the marbels wouldn't go down our gullets. Anyhow, she hit my new left upper incisor and chipped off a piece. We ran to my mother, who didn't seem as terribly distressed as I felt and who sent us across the street. I had been reading, I think in

Reader's Digest, about how it was possible to save teeth by putting them back in (confusing reimplantation with gluing back the chip). But the dentist shrugged and said nothing he could do.

Directly across the street was a lamp post, which instead of a lamp atop, had an arc-like green metal arm which ended in a small oval, black object suspended over the middle of the far lane of traffic. I had heard, or figured that this was something that "told" the light at the corner that cars were waiting. I would stand underneath it, trying to hear whether it made a noise (sometimes I imagined a high-pitched tone), or to "trick" the light into changing (never certain whether this worked), and also wondering how this "beam" would affect my brain.

Cambridge Street came in obliquely at the intersection of Monroe and Dartmouth. Directly across the intersection was the YMCA--since I was Jewish, I didn't attend there, although in sixth grade, Eddie Steinberg (half-Jewish) took me swimming there, and I nearly drowned. I did not know how to swim. Eddie and I jumped feet first in the deep end. I tried to signal that I couldn't swim. I was quite near the tiled side, which I finally grabbed to pull myself up.

Down Cambridge and on the side streets to the left, lived the more upper middle class intellectuals. On the Street parallel and behind us was a scruffy, bearded, balding, portly painter and his family. They had a 60's quality before the 60's: their VW Bug, quite rusted, was dolloped with painted designs, perhaps a miniature version of the Magic Mystery Bus. About three long blocks on the right side of Cambridge, lived Saul, one year younger than I, whose businessman father years later was indicted for arranging the sale of US jets to Israel. Two houses down lived Miriam Barkin, her father an artist and teacher at the University. Miriam was a flautist with long, straight black hair. She and her mother went to Pablo Casals Bach Festivals in the Caribbean. Ruth Hollander, in my class, her father a high school principal, lived off Cambridge, as did Kathy, her parents former missionaries: Kathy was beautiful albeit a bit zaftig, if one

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. It mentions the use of surveys, interviews, and focus groups to gather information from stakeholders. Additionally, it discusses the application of statistical software to process and interpret the collected data.

3. The third part describes the results of the data analysis. It highlights the key findings and trends observed, such as the increasing demand for certain services and the declining interest in others. It also notes any significant changes in the market or the organization's performance over the period.

4. The fourth part provides a detailed analysis of the findings, explaining the reasons behind the observed trends and their potential implications for the organization. It discusses the challenges faced and the opportunities available, based on the data.

5. The final part of the document offers recommendations and conclusions. It suggests specific actions to be taken based on the findings, such as improving certain services or exploring new market segments. It also concludes by summarizing the overall findings and the importance of continuous monitoring and evaluation.

can say that of a shiksa. Kathy Nash lived the next block down, her father a Kodak employee who had done well. She was nice, although in fourth grade, she won an award during "cleanliness" week, because she said that she showered twice daily during the summer. Once a week seemed enough for me. Also nearby were P.B. Schechter and others who I will tell you about as time goes on.

Start at the corner of Dartmouth, turn left and cross Cambridge. You reach the a steep upward section of Monroe Avenue. If you go down Cambridge on that side, there is a milk machine that dispatched paper quarts for a quarter. If you ran your nail down the side, some wax came off. This machine saved me a trip to the pharmacy for milk, and I loved milk. But up the incline of Monroe were several stores including a wonderful old hardware store, which had screws and nails in little wooden drawers. When my father was building or repairing, he sent me there often.

Across Monroe and next to the Y was the Library, a place I grew to love. It was built on the steep incline of the road and its side faced the expressway that ran under Monroe Avenue. Because of the incline, the library had two front doors: on the right, a few steps down, was the children's library; to the left of this and up some steps was the main (adult) library. In sixth grade, Eddie Steinberg and I decided that we would learn geometry from the encyclopedia, then master all the other subjects in that library. During the nuclear scare of the late 50's and early 60's, I fantasized that I would run over to the library and either stay there, or gather up as many books as I could to run home and read in our basement.

That is some of the geography of the neighborhood. Let me return to the move in second grade. We moved around Yom Kippur. The house had not been lived in for some time and the kitchen was not usable: paint was peeling. My father redid the kitchen just after we moved. I remember having to eat in a restaurant on Yom Kippur (my first memory of eating in a restaurant.) I felt the incongruity of eating out, because we had no kitchen on a day when we were not supposed to eat.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the role of the accounting system in managing the company's financial resources. It highlights the importance of budgeting, cost accounting, and financial analysis in making informed decisions about the company's financial future.

5. The fifth part of the document concludes by summarizing the key points discussed and emphasizing the overall importance of the accounting system in the success of the company. It reiterates the need for accuracy, transparency, and accountability in all financial transactions.

While we had a front door, this was rarely used and the only people that I remember ringing the front doorbell were the Seventh Day Adventists -- two of them gave me an overly long recitation before I was able to pull away to get my mother.

So, here's the layout from the rear entrance, the back, and before we made many structural changes. In the back door, if you took a sharp left, were steep steps to the basement, which was divided in half along the length of the house. My father quickly put a swinging wooden half-door or gate at the top of the stairs, so that we would not fall down the stairs when we entered the back door. When we were older, the door was a bit of a bother if you came from the other direction (leaving the house)--it swung outwards and against you, so you had to do a bit of a two-step and slight perouette to get around the gate.

This small landing led to your left up a short five steps to the next landing and our back door on the right. Up to the left brought you to the flat upstairs and one more landing to the attic, which had wonderful rooms and a small sink that my father dreamt of turning into a third flat.

We bought the house for \$17,000 with the expectation that the upstairs rent would help pay the mortgage. But my father always kept the rent modest to low, because he wanted to be selective about who lived there. Often the rent did not cover what it needed to and my father wasn't always a great judge of character. There was the couple who would get drunk and play some game of rolling empty beer cans under their bed, which was above my bedroom. Nights that I felt like pounding on the ceiling with a broom handle.

Through the back door, into the kitchen, we had a round metal garbage pail to the lift. It was the kind with a silver pedal that you stepped on to pop the lid. I practiced with different pressures using both gradual and sudden steps. If you pounced real hard, there was a slight hesitation, then the lid leaped up and bobbed forth and back at



its apex. Here, my father sat, each of us on his lap and first told us about Auschwitz; my mother was in the hospital delivering my baby sister. I was eight.

The sink ran along the wall to the left, a window above it with a view down to the driveway and out to the Chall's back yard. At the far end was the stove facing the back entrance you have just walked through. Next to the stove, the doorway (no door) to the pantry, a small anteroom before another doorway to the dining room. The refrigerator (Frigidaire) was on the wall opposite the sink.

To the right as you entered, was the oval formica table with extruded, aluminum horizontally fluted edging and splayed legs that came from the interior; the legs curved sharply inwards, then splayed outwards and were banded by two flattened metal ovals, like tying a string around a sheaf of wheat. I played often under the table. The table top was as a variegated blue patterned formica (amorphous swirls and lines). I don't remember ever having a table cloth on this. I liked the smooth feel of the formica top and to run my fingers along the horizontal fluted edges. The fluting was narrow, the width of the tip of a child's little finger. I went through a dawdling time with food, spending much time at the table. At night, my mother would sit there alone, stirring a cup of Nescafe, seemingly interminably, sighing. I didn't know that coffee came in non-dissolving form until I went to College.

The kitchen chairs I liked for tipping, but my parents did not like this. They looked like an angular "5" without the top. The back and seat were the same blue pattern as the formica, but were padded vinyl. The legs were metal (steel?) tubing with bolts holding the lower legs together with the seat and screws holding down the seat and attaching the back. Often my father would tell me that I was breaking the chairs by rocking back: I would lean back a bit, then rock slightly forward and back. I attended to the bolts when they loosened, trying to finger tighten them. If I got my angle right, I could tip back to the wall and remain leaning lightly against it.

Start back at the back door, garbage pail to your left against the wall, kitchen table to the right running the length of a third of the kitchen. Walk the length and you came to the arch to the pantry (on your right), a window to the left and a second arch to the dining room straight ahead.

The pantry was removed within two years when my father had the kitchen redone. A "kitchen man" saying that his construction business was slow, offered a good deal and the pantry went.

But before that, it was like a quiet oasis. You could lie down on the linoleum floor--actually room for an adult and child. The cabinets were painted white with heavy wooden doors with quarter-round edges and chrome handles in a backward "D" shape. There were lower and upper cabinets and a work area on all three sides.

Here is how I remember that there was room for two to lie side-by-side (perpendicular to the length of the kitchen). One Sunday evening, my older sister and mother were in the living room watching T.V. My father was napping in the pantry I don't know why. I had read, again most likely in Readers Digest, that you could learn languages and even be persuaded by listening to audiotapes while sleeping. I figured that I could convince my father to buy me some treats (a boy's two-wheeler, amongst them) by speaking softly into his ear while he slept. His head was turned slightly to the left, I think his left arm (he was ambidextrous, having been left-handed as a child, but forced to write right-handed by his teachers) under his head. I spent some good deal of time lying at his left, propped upon my right elbow, whispering repetitively that he would buy me various things. My arm began to feel tired, with pins and needles. I was quite wounded when he turned to me after awhile, as if he had turned the tables on me and had not been sleeping all that time. I felt embarrassed that I had been trying to brainwash him and angry that he had strung me along.

The doorway between kitchen and dining room remained after they removed the pantry. There was no door, but you could see the brass hinges that remained on the

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right-hand sill, after the door had been removed. Here, my father would bench-press us. Like this. He would lie face-up with shoulders squarley at the sill, his hands, palms up, next to his shoulders. Ester or I would stand on his hands. We would hold the door frame, and he would bench-press us up, then slowly down. We scrambled our hands up and down the sill. A treat.

His hands were powerful. He was short, 5'2". I wondered whether his growth had been stunted because he was seventeen and not fully grown when the Germans invaded Poland. But he had broad shoulders, "Neandrethal" brow and forehead (as I have). His hands were calloused from work--leathery areas on his thenar and metacarpal areas. But his thumbs were squat, broad and strong. He would challenge us to slap his palms as hard as we could repeatedly. Our hands began to hurt and he never winced. Thumb wrestling always meant defeat. Our tactic was to weave and bob; his, to stay poised quietly, then trap.

He had a back injury from the Camps that infrequently brought great pain. Then, he would hang by his fingers from the door sill between kitchen and dining room. Later, I bought a chinning bar, allegedly for my work-outs, but in fact for his back stretching. When it hurt very badly, he hunched over, once walking on all fours.

Here is how he thinks he got his back injury. It was near the end of the war, but before he was set to work maintaining the SS's cars (a relatively soft job that he was assigned to in the last few months, since most of the German mechanics had been sent to the Russian front to maintain tanks and such). It was after he had seen his youngest brother die after being kicked, but once, in the belly by an SS boot. My father carried his brother B. to the barracks and spent the night watching him die in pain.

This time, my father was moving rocks. For reasons (or unreason) he never knew, an SS set upon him. First, beating him to the ground, then kicking him. He thinks the kicks in the back injured his spine--in the Catholic Hospital after the war, he was told he had a ruptured disc. Finally, the SS hit him on the head with something,

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perhaps a spade, a rock. My father remembered blood, but thinks he stayed conscious. For some reason, the SS let my father's co-workers bundle him into a wheelbarrow and trundled him to the barracks. I asked why not the clinic. He said that you couldn't trust the clinic. He taught me that if you had a wound, you could piss on it--piss was good for cleaning a wound. This was safer than the clinic. (I couldn't quite get how pee could clean a cut, when you peed in the toilet.) Anyhow, the men nursed him to repair. When his back "gave out" at home, he would wince, walking gingerly. I thought about the beating by the SS, and also my father's description of the Catholic nurses, with hats with wings, who took care of him after the liberation.

My father rarely showed physical pain. I saw him cry only twice in my childhood: once when he met his brother, thought dead for twenty-two years; once when he came into my room to hug me when I was sixteen and mentioned some problem with friends.

The dining room had a pretty, but shallow fireplace. It was in the wrong place and inoperable. It was gas-fired, hence shallow, perhaps four inches deep, with black metal backing. My father, fearful that we would turn on the gas inadvertently, shut it off in the basement, capped the pipe; gassing, perhaps being too close to Auschwitz.

I once asked why he didn't fence in the rest of the yard after Mr. Chall put up his wall. My father said that chain-link (what we could have afforded) was too reminiscent of the Camps.

But the fireplace was framed in simple, clean Jeffersonian lines of white wood molding with a shallow mantelpiece for photographs. The wooden sides of the mantle were also fluted: faux classical Greek columns. The fireplace was situated on the wall shared with the pantry, between two doors, the kitchen to the right (if you are facing the fireplace), and the bedroom hallway to the left. So, you really couldn't have sat before the fireplace, roasting marshmallows, as I wished.

The dining room. Standing at the kitchen door, the fireplace to your right, there was a large window to the left looking out on the driveway, a swelling of the driveway

(so you could pull over if another car was coming), sighting across the brambles dividing us from the Challs level with the Chall's dining room window, look obliquely forward and you can see the back of the front porch (soon to be enclosed during one of my father's two week summer vacation. He worked on the house during these times).

A blond dining room set filled the room eventually. That was our Pesach table and on rare occasions for dinner guests. The China cabinet was filled with beauty: the Rosenthal, gilded china that my father bought on black market with the ham and coffee that the Red Cross sent us in DP camps. The demitasse cups were completely gilt inside. The rest had pink flowers and gold around the edges and on the back of the cup handles. This was the Pesach china. The Rosenthal emblem was on the bottom. In fact, we used them for non-Pesach. When I went through my Orthodox rebellious phase (this angered my father, who spat out "Ortho **dox**" or "Orthod Ox"), I learned that you could Kosher china and silverware by burying it for some time in the earth. Thought of it, suggested it, out of the question; they were too precious.

The silverware was also bought with Red Cross coffee and ham, as were the diamond stud earrings my mother always wore and one day lost (only one) down the furnace air intake register in the dining-room to your left as you walked in.

The blond, shiny, smooth dining room furniture congested the small room. Once, my sister Ester and I were chasing each other clockwise and counter-clockwise around the table, giggling. My father wanted us to stop. He said that if we were bored, we could "Grobble ois die oygen." pick out our eyes (with a pin). We stopped. With my children, I think of "Nothing to do, nothing to do, put some mustard in your shoe."

The living room had a special refuge that was also removed when my father renovated it. Our room was unlike Tante Della's. In hers, you could not enter; the couch, a nubby, green fabric with "shaved" patterns, was encased in thick plastic, on which you could not sit; a couch mauseleum. Her husband, Zecharia (the ersatz tailor, who had never sewn a stitch, until HIAS placed him at Hickey-Freeman to sew zippers),

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once taught me, that on long car trips, if you smear vaseline on the chrome grill and bumpers, it collected all the dead bugs. But then you had to wipe-off all the Vaseline and bugs--a contemporary form of amber with fossilized insects.

My father's renovation of the living room did not go to perfection. He couldn't get the ceiling perfectly smooth after removing the wonderful arch, so he hand-swirled a pebbled ceiling to cover the seam; it never did completely. There always remained a forme fruste that reminded me of what had been there.

The living room was large, at the front of the house, with three contiguous windows facing the lawn and street. A large arch from the dining room brought you into the living room, the television in the near right corner, sitting catty-corner. A piano later went on the right wall (abutting the stairway hall to the upstairs apartment). The piano was for my sister, who soon gave up. Ahead, the sectional three-piece sofa (after the renovation) with a curved mid-section, sat in the far left corner. Behind the curved section, was another air intake floor register. It was fun to hang upside down, head and torso between couch and corner, pretending to look for hidden treasures, occasionally finding some.

To the left was the exit to the porch and our front entrance.

But before the renovation, before the sectional sofa, was an arch that framed a shallow wooden bench beneath a side window to the porch. You could open the top of the bench to hide. Perhaps it was meant for linen or pillows, but it was delicious for hiding. If you closed the top completely, it was dark inside, but you could see a crack of light at the edge, as the lid was held up by two small "buttons" that kept the lid from slamming too loudly. Sitting atop the bench and looking onto the porch, framed by the arch, was a royal feeling.

When my father removed the arch, he tried to repair the ceiling and both walls as the arch spanned the width of the left side of the living room. By then, gypsum wall was available, so he thought he could repair the wall himself. But he needed two pieces of

gypsum--top to bottom. He tried to tape, but there is a practioner's talent to the tapering layers of plaster over the taped seams. He did not have that practice. The seam showed with a slight buckle, as if something might erupt from this fault-line of gypsum. I was not accustomed to my father making something that wasn't to perfection, at least to my eye.

The fellow who helped my father on most projects was Eddie Polack, who was a Polak and lived in the northern Polish neighborhood of Rochester. Eddie had false teeth, upper and lower, and worked under my father when my father became a foreman. Eddie liked my father. Eddie tiptoed, so sometimes he didn't make it to help out my dad. He joked about how he and his wife fought with each other. Every Sunday after church, he went to the cemetery to mow the lawns over their burial plots. I had the sense then, that he was "plotting" her death, so to speak.

When he sawed wood on the sawhorse--he showed me the difference between a rip saw and crosscut--Eddie would open and close his jaw slightly, as if the slight chawing movement would help.

The bedrooms were on the right half of the house (again, walking in from the back door). If you skirt the end of the kitchen table, behind the chair that I would tip against the wall, then along the wall facing the sink, you came to the doorway to the hall of bedrooms. The other door is in the dining room, next to the fireplace. At the rear was my parents room, one window facing the back yard, the other facing the large rooming house next door. Midway down the hall, to your left was a linen closet. The top half were doors which open outwards, the bottom drawers. My mother put a baby picture of my sister on the right inside door, myself on the left. I am lying on my belly, head up almost 90 degrees, a groomed curl peaking atop the center of my head, listing over slightly like the top of a soft custard (Carvel) ice cream. These pictures made me uncomfortable. Ester and I were both naked, belly down. We both looked pudgy. I couldn't keep straight which of us was which. Since Ester, following my mother was



heavy and later frankly obese and I was lithe, like my father, this bothered me more: we both looked chubby in the baby pictures. How did this happen. My father prided himself in his weight: 142 for most of his adult life. My mother, five feet even, weighed upwards of 180 and later over 200. She reminded me that she got fatter with each pregnancy, as if we were responsible. She denied eating much and wondered aloud how she couldn't lose weight. She hectored Ester about food and eating throughout our childhoods.

She showed me a photograph of herself about the time she met my father. She wanted me to see how pretty or beautiful she had been. But she didn't look pretty to me. Younger, but not pretty. She is standing next to a large rose bush, almost tree-like in size, her left hand holding a blossom, with her second and third fingers, palm out, fingers up, cradling the back of the blossom. She is facing three-quarters forward. Her hair is dark (the picture black and white, in Germany). It is almost to her shoulders. She is wearing a white blouse and is buxom, but a narrower waist. She is smiling, but not quite to the camera: looking elsewhere. I am struck at her long, pointy nose, which does not make her look pretty. For years, Ester and I teased her as competing with Jimmy Durante for nose length. I think that Durante's closing, wishing goodnight to Mrs. Calabash, wherever she might be (his foster or adoptive mother, they told me) brought mistiness to my mother's eyes, as she wished the same to her murdered family.

Across the linen closet, my room. It is square. My window faced the metal fire escape of the boarding house. The fire escape had two long landings. I recall watching a couple fighting and arguing on one of the landings a summer night. If I look upwards and to the right, I can see sky. I remember thinking as I looked out on the sky, that perhaps our lives are measured in spoken words. If I didn't speak much, I would live longer. I wasn't certain of this. I wondered and half believed.

There was not much maneuvering room. My parents had bought me a double bed, which filled the room. The bed ran the length, the headboard with a bookcase



against the bathroom wall, the feet facing the bureau and my parents' room. (It was important that the foot of the bed not face a doorway: this was for corpses, they said. But I thought that their bed almost faced the doorway, although the actual door was perpendicular to the corner which faced the footboard.) My closet backed against theirs. I did homework (none until high school, thank goodness) on the dining room table. My bedroom furniture was veneered in a dark mahogany. The furniture store was in our old neighborhood on Joseph Avenue. I recall that my sister got a large doll with moveable legs when my parents bought the dining room furniture. The dolls were in the store and perhaps a temptation for children. The top right-hand corner of my headboard bookshelf was the proscenium for an unspoken drama between my father and myself when I was in high school.

Out into the hall and to the right was our bathroom. This too was renovated during the winter by out-of-work contractors. I think it cost \$1800 with the tile. The sink to your right, then the toilet, and the tub at the end.

I thought that my sister's room had interesting architecture. I remember it as being grand-piano like. You walk in and are facing the closet. This entrance foyer I considered to be the tail end of the grand piano, the body being her room proper, a window where the keys would be. She also looked out on the boarding house (a driveway as the interlude), but if you looked to your left, you could see the neighboring front yard and a bit of the street. Her bedroom was partly tucked beneath the front entrance stairs to the upstairs tenants.

The bedroom hallway served its own function, like the built-in window seat in the living room. I would play here, sometimes with my sister, often alone, as follows. I would close all the doors--to the three bedrooms, bathroom, to the dining room (across from the bathroom) and the kitchen. Then, if alone, I would sit in the middle of the hallway: I was intrigued that it was completely dark in the daytime. I often could not

see my hand before my face. Yet I could see the cracks of light under the doors. I didn't understand why the light didn't illuminate. I felt a bit scared, but kept playing this.

The area between my bedroom door and the kitchen and my parents' bedroom doors was an important conduit at night for this repetitive scenario. My father went to bed early, perhaps ten. He awoke at six without an alarm clock, although he set and wound the round clock every night. They always left open the bedroom door. My mother slept in late, sometimes having trouble awakening enough to get us out for school: by high school, my father awoke me before he left at seven. My mother would sit at the kitchen table late, mixing her Nescafe: she used a mug. It was an opaque white glass mug with a "D"-shaped handle. She would put in milk and sugar and mix and mix. She would sigh. This was my signal, I felt, to come out (sleepy though I was) and ask her what was the matter. I don't recall that she told me specifics, except to call me her "Tattele" (little father) or "alte kop" (old or wise head).

Sometimes she did tell me. She had written some poems in Yiddish. It was perhaps five or six pages on lined school paper. She kept these in the kitchen cabinet nearest the back door and to the right of the sink. It was on a high shelf (for her). She would take these down to read them to me. They were about here tearfulness for her dead family, her mother in particular. She read these, sobbing. This was difficult for me. I didn't care for the poetry; she seemed to want me to appreciate both her literary ability and the content. I never took these down myself. She would remind me that she never attended school, beginning work at nine in the textile mills. She hired a tutor when she was fourteen or so, who taught her to read and write Yiddish.

That is the house proper. Now a bit about the basement, where I carried out some shenanigans. If you go down the stairs, first you face the fuse boxes. I liked watching the dials of the electric meters turning around, each at different rates. I would pull fuses to slow them down, the refrigerator meter being the most dynamic. Turn right and you are in a small area under the upstairs landing. Walk straight ahead and you

enter a door to our half of the baseroom. The door was white, a powdery texture and had knobs that were brown, smooth and shiny, sort of porcelain feeling. The knobs were always a bit loose. The basement remained unfinished. I liked the dank smell. The floor was concrete and uneven. The first part of the basement had two deep washtubs to the left, windows above looking onto the driveway. We are below the kitchen. Our washing machine stood in front of the second wash tub, a black tube with a hook at its end over the edge; from this came the arroyo of dirty sudsy water. The washing machine was a round, white tub about my height before puberty; it had a set of wringers poised above it. The wringers were hard rubber and later developed lesions. They reminded me of a miniature version of the Shochet's chicken feather remover. No dryer. I would turn the agitator back and forth and remember unscrewing the top nut to pull out the agitator altogether.

I had to climb up, one foot on the washing machine, the other on the wash tub, in order to turn on the single bulb poised above. I remembered what I heard on television about not getting electrocuted by not standing in water while handling an electric switch. I was never quite certain whether it was safe to stand on the metal washing machine, and was mindful of not slipping into the tub as I pulled the light switch. But then I also recall on TV being told not to poke anything into wall sockets. Yet I experimented with bobby pins and the wall socket in the living room, next to the TV. I thought that they said that one slot was dangerous, the other not. I left the plastic nibs on the bobby pins, perhaps saving myself. This was also the era when they ran TV public service ads about not letting children play in abandoned refrigerators. They showed pictures of removing refrigerator doors. They also said not to let children pull dry cleaning plastic bags over their heads. I tried just putting them against my face. The single light bulb, my father replaced with a fluorescent fixture which he got from the factory: it was suspended by two chrome-colored chains at each end. It swung slightly after you pulled the switch.

On the right as you enter, my father put a wooden cabinet. It looked like it was torn from some wall: I could see the unfinished wood at the back. My father used this to store his tools, those that he didn't hang on the pegboard above. One tool was on the left, the upper shelf of the cabinet. It was a micrometer. I thought that this saved him in the Camps. He said that near the end of the War, when he was still working in the coal mines during the day, serving soup at evening, then cleaning the barracks at night, an SS held up a tool and asked the morning line-up who knew what it was. It was risky when this happened, risky if they asked for volunteers. But, he said that he knew it was a micrometer. For the last few months, he became the auto mechanic.

I would touch the micrometer with different pressures, watching the needle move along the tip of the instrument. For some time, I'm uncertain about its function. I think that it measures pressure in some manner. I ask my father how it works. He doesn't want me to touch it as it is a delicate instrument, but tells me that it measures "tolerances," I think is the word. I get some idea that it measures small distances, but I think that it measures inside areas of metal parts; then I wonder how it would fit into small areas, and think that it measures outer areas, diameters and such. I realize that I would not know how to use a micrometer if asked. For this reason, in part, when I am in eighth grade, I attend summer school and study drafting. Even then, I don't quite get it: I find it difficult to picture the three-dimensionality of two-dimensional drawings. I wonder whether this is some inherent ability that I do not have.

On the wall opposite the washing machine (on your right as you enter) is the chimney. I don't fully get the idea of this. I thought that chimneys were connected to fireplaces. But this is for the furnace, which is just beyond the washer and next to the tubs. The furnace is huge and divides the cellar in two parts. Anyhow, there is a metal door at the base of the chimney. Ashes fall out if you open it. Occasionally, we find dead birds.

At first, the furnace was coal-burning. The coal delivery truck dumped the coal through the basement window beneath the dining room and on the far side of the furnace. The furnace was a hugely round Moloch with multiple arms coming out the top, heading in various directions. On each arm, before it rose through the ceiling of the basement, were round port-hole-like doors that had long screws near the top and weights attached. If you screwed the weight out, the door tipped open more. Screw flush and the porthole shut.

In winter, I spent much time opening the heavy metal door to the furnace. It roared loudly. I would toss in coal, and later when we converted to oil, other objects to see them burn. Sometimes the flames were below the lip of the door, other times rising above. The door had a grate that you could slide open or part-way or shut; you could see the flames without opening the door.

The coal, the same lumps that my father dug in the Camps, was a half-mountain, leaning against the wall beneath the window. No light in that part of the cellar, except the indirect light from the single bulb above the washer on the other side of the Moloch. The coal was shiny and smooth. I could draw with it on the cellar floor. Later, a large horizontal, ovoid oil tank filled that space. It had a glass, floating meter atop and central that showed whether the tank was full, 7/8ths and so on. My father checked it, worrying about affording the next delivery. I liked the coal better: I didn't like the smell of the oil, I liked seeing the tangible pile of coal.

At the front end of the house, the cellar ended on the right with a very dark cul-de-sac which had the water meter beneath a window. But the window was covered by hedges; not enough light to see the meter precisely. On the left, was an enclosed pantry filled with empty, Bell canning jars. I liked to unscrew the caps and play with the rubber seals. I wondered why we didn't can food to prepare for disaster.

Before I leave our cellar, a word about one of my episodes of experimentation. On Monroe, to the right and on our side of the Avenue was a gas station. I saw the

large trucks fill the tanks in the ground, watched the delivery men use long wooden poles with markings, to measure how much gas in the tanks. I would think to myself that if I could get a long enough match (the length of these poles, at least), I could light them and hold them over the open ground tanks, expecting a flame to shoot out. I was about eight or nine. I pictured myself hiding against the apartment building next door, reaching with the extraordinarily long match, watching the inferno. That I didn't try. This I did. My father kept some gas in the cellar. This was for the power mower that we bought to replace the manual one that taught me to hate lawns. I poured some gas into a metal pail, the galvanized kind with a sort of silvery-slivered pattern. I put the pail in the center of the first part of the cellar, next to the washer. I tossed matches into the pail, standing a few feet away. Nothing happened. The matches wouldn't stay lit the entire trajectory, and I dare not get closer. I thought that it would light a fire on the surface of the gasoline.

We once had a visitor to the Jewish community, a Polish Jew who remained in Germany and was now wealthy. I couldn't get how he could stay in Germany. He wasn't married, and I didn't understand this either. Here is how he survived the Camps. His Concentration Camp was near the small town that he hailed from. He was assigned the job in the Crematoria, putting the bodies into the ovens, using a large, flat wooden spatula-shaped object: something like an oversized, long-handled baker's shuffler. He showed me a photograph: he is standing next to a crematorium, holding the wooden object upright, as if it were a Watusi spear, or more like he were a middle age pizza maker, grinning next to his low oven.

It confuses me for a moment. (This is in our kitchen, standing next to the table). How could he have gotten a photograph of himself when he was in the camps? I realize that he looks rotund and bald, as he does now. He visited the former crematorium and had the photo taken. He explains to me that if you have the job in the crematoria, after a few months, you are gassed and shoveled in: (he tells me this, my

father standing to his right and behind, I facing him and the refrigerator behind him) then, those who work the crematoria will not live to tell. Once he figures this out, he asks one of the goyim from his town, someone who enters the Camps to deliver goods, to smuggle him out. This is done, under some hay. (I think he also adds that the Nazis would bayonet such shipments periodically, to prevent escapes. I felt a cringe in my belly when he said this, imagining that is where they would get me.) He goes to the Western sector after the war. He says he gets rich from buying buildings. But I gather also that he owns whorehouses. He, in fact, delights in this: he gets wealthy by German whores. I am uncomfortable with how he lives in this land of murder, exacting an almost daily retribution against the Germans.

My father has two photographs of himself after the war. He is in uniform in both. He became a Displaced Persons officer. One photograph is of himself alone. He looks chubby. He explained. Upon leaving the camp, he weighed about 68 or 70 pounds, he had "water" on his lungs (I think pleurisy), he had his back injury, no teeth in the front, a broken nose. He was in a Catholic hospital, the nuns like angels of mercy. He ate voraciously once discharged. Hence his overweight for that short time.

He saw a 1500cc BMW lying on roadside. (This engine was bigger than my first car, a Fiat.) Having never ridden a bike, he hopped on and kept trying until he got it. I don't know if this was when he was scrawny and malnourished astride this powerful engine (my first car had a smaller engine), or robust as in the first photograph.

The second picture is this. He is standing with three other uniformed Jews, a hapless fellow being held in the middle. He explained thusly. If you recognized an SS officer from the Camps, you could arrest him and bring him to the US Army. They would hold him for a time, but you had to get others to confirm identification. My father found dismay that many of his former inmates were still too frightened to identifying an SS man to his face. Many of the SS so captured were released. So my father and his friends would rearrest these characters, enjoying the terror in their eyes. The man held

by them looked scared, had no uniform, slumped to one side, did not look diabolical to me. I thought of this later, during the Eichmann trial. He even looked Jewish to me. Yet I spent hours dreaming up slow tortures, such as beginning with bamboo under the fingernails, that would give Eichmann an excruciatingly slow death. Like the Beethoven-like endings that would echo through my head, endings that never ended, always one more massive chord, I could not imagine Eichmann's terminus. That was 1961. I was twelve.

Chapter Three

Some Family stories. Tante Chaya's marriage to Uncle Abram in Germany. My mother said that Tante Chaya (the same as my mother's name, which means "life") was selfish. For instance, my mother's story about the wedding. At the restaurant after the wedding, Tante Chaya ordered spaghetti, when everyone else ordered something less expensive. Uncle Abram was upset at her. When the spaghetti came, he turned the plate upside down on her head. I could picture the noodles and tomato sauce (how I thought of spaghetti) slithering down her hair and shoulders. I thought of Tante Chaya as pretty, unlike my mother, except for the gold tooth in the front of her mouth.

Here is how I pictured Uncle Abram getting angry. Uncle Abram had thinning hair combed straight back from the hint of a widow's peak. When he talked, he usually shouted. Large, blue veins popped out, seeming to rise from his forehead and spread over his scalp. I was often confused about why he was angry. Both my mother and Tante Chaya would try to calm him down when he was exercised and hollering. They seemed to compete over who could quiet down Uncle Abram better. They tried to explain that he was not angry, usually.

Here is how my mother recognized Uncle Abram in Zdunskawola after the War. He entered the Camps when he was fifteen. Here is how he explained what happened. He was told to shovel dirt onto a mass grave. Some people in the grave seemed still alive. He said he didn't want to do this, but an SS man hit him on the head with the shovel. He took the shovel and did the work. He would shrug his shoulders when he told this story, as if he were saying, "What could I do?" I didn't know what I would do. I remembered his story many years later, when I read Saul Bellow's Mr. Sammler's Planet, when Sammler recalled how he was struck by a shovel, blinded in one eye, but left for dead in a Nazi mass grave, climbing out afterwards. My mother had last seen Abram in 1941, when her mother told her, as the oldest child, to take one younger sister Adella and to go to the Soviet Union. In 1945, Abram recognized her, but she didn't

In addition, the document provides a detailed overview of the various methods used to collect and analyze data. It describes the different types of data sources and the techniques used to ensure the accuracy and reliability of the information. The document also discusses the importance of regular audits and the role of external oversight in maintaining the integrity of the system.

The document further explores the challenges faced by the system and the steps being taken to address them. It highlights the need for ongoing communication and collaboration between all stakeholders involved in the process. The document also discusses the importance of staying up-to-date with the latest developments in the field and the need for continuous improvement.

Finally, the document concludes with a series of recommendations for the future. It suggests that the system should be regularly reviewed and updated to reflect changes in the environment. It also recommends that the system should be made more transparent and accessible to the public, and that there should be a strong emphasis on education and training for all involved.

The document is a comprehensive overview of the system and its operation. It provides a clear and concise summary of the key issues and the steps being taken to address them. It is a valuable resource for anyone involved in the system and for anyone interested in the field.

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Adella and to go to the Soviet Union. In 1945, Abram recognized her, but she didn't recognize Abram, now grown. He cried to her (in his shouting cry, I would guess), but she didn't believe him. He pulled off his shoes in desperation to show her his toes. His second and third toes were bifurcated. My mother recognized him. My toes also have some bifurcation, but they were longer than Uncle Abram's: I didn't want to look like him. My mother would also show us her bifurcate uvula, which glistened, and which I didn't want to see as often as she would show us. She also asked us to touch the top of her head to feel where the cranial sutures didn't close because she didn't get enough milk when she was a baby. This too I didn't want to know.

Chaya's cousin gets married. Here is the picture in my mind of this story. I am sitting in the middle of the front bench seat of the '53 Bel Air, my father driving. (My mother never learned.) In the back on the left is sitting Tante Chaya's cousin. He is tall and has a gap between his front teeth. Next to him is fiancée. She is pretty and nice. Tante Chaya is on the right. She is evidently quite pleased about this shiddach, match-making. I sense there is something odd. My parents, afterwards talk about how fortunate it is that Tante Chaya could get him married off. I ask why and get an elliptical answer: some experiment was done to him in the Camps so that he can not get his new wife pregnant. I think of this, for years afterwards, as his penis being cut off. I wonder how he can pee. Later, I understand that it was his testicles that were removed.

There was only one photograph of my parents' families from before the War, the one of my mother's sister Rachel. No photographs of my grandparents or aunts and uncles or of my father's infant nephew who was killed by the Nazis when they came to get his family. I did not look clearly like either of my parents. I would inspect myself in the mirror carefully, wondering whom I took after. In grade school, I had a button nose, more like my dad's. (When I entered puberty, my nose started getting aquiline: I would push the tip of my nose upwards, enough that I had a crease on the bridge of my nose.

I wanted to keep my button nose, more like dad's than mom's.) But I did want to look like Dr. Townsend, my pediatrician.

Dr. Townsend made house calls, even when we lived on Joseph Avenue. Dr. Townsend had a crew cut, flat top. He was tall, perhaps six feet. He had a cleft in his chin, in Yiddish, a grievele. I would pinch together my chin in the hope of developing it. I did. (My oldest daughter, Sonia has this.) He wore penny loafers, Argyle socks, Chino pants, and, something surprising and puzzling to me, garters that held up his socks. I saw the garters when he sat down. I wondered why he put only pennies in his loafers: it seemed to me that someone who was a doctor would put more expensive coins. He had attended Harvard Medical School. He would wear flannel shirts, open at the collar. I recall looking at this when I was about ten, looking up at him. I thought his voice sounded hoarse and he explained that he had a cold. In fact, he had developed laryngeal cancer. I went to his funeral service by myself. The church was on East Avenue, near the George Eastman House and Museum, about a half hour walk. I sat in front and was confused that there was no coffin. Someone explained that he had donated his body to the Medical School. I didn't care for the idea that students would be cutting him up (so I thought) and remembered him years later when I performed anatomy at the University of Chicago.

His office was closer to our home on Dartmouth. It was the opposite direction from grade school, about the same distance, off Park Avenue. It looked like a horizontal, almost Prairie School, brick building, built into the side of a slight hill. From the parking lot, if you enter on the right, you walk into the office. One large waiting room, to the right was for non-infectious children. The waiting room had rocking animals, the kind that were made of two identical flat pieces of wood in the shape of a duck, with a bench in between that you climbed into. After the exam room, you went into his small office to talk to him.



After he died, his colleague, Dr. Fox, became my doctor. He also had this nice, smiling manner, but after a house call to see me when I was eleven, I wanted to ask him a question about puberty. I tried to get to talk to him alone, but he didn't seem to understand this, and I sidled up to the question in the living room, near the porch door. He answered straightforwardly and loudly; I was embarrassed because my parents were present. He said I should feel free to ask him any question. I decided then and there not to.

I had asked him a question once before. He saw me walking home from school as he was driving down Dartmouth in his convertible. He offered me a ride. I noticed a hunting gun, a rifle or shotgun, I couldn't tell the difference. Before I left, I asked him how a doctor could shoot animals. He looked at me thoughtfully, with a slight smile, perhaps with discomfort and said that it was a good question that he didn't have an answer to.

In seventh grade, I asked him another question. I was to select a science project for the school science fair. I thought of doing something on Trichinosis, reading something about the spores being ingested from undercooked pork, the nemesis of Jews. I asked Dr. Fox about the illness, which sounded quite horrible, muscles spasming, throat constricting, as well as I remember. But he said with a smile, "What I know about trichinosis would fit into a flea's collar button and it would still rattle." I liked that image, but was disappointed that he didn't know this. I had some sense that I was onto a treyfe, that is, unkosher subject.

When my mother would take out her sister's photograph, the one in which she is in a women's gymnastics group, legs kicked up like Rockettes, she would explain that she got this from her sister's husband who survived the Camps. He found my mother in Poland, before he emigrated to Israel. She showed me his photograph too. He looked quite Eastern European, with his hair slicked back from the forehead, and a pronounced widow's peak and nose. She said that he was tall, meaning unlike my

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father. (My father was five foot two, she, five feet.) She said that he loved her sister dearly. When he met my mother after the War, he gave her this photograph. He asked my mother to marry him. My mother would ask me, in the kitchen, where much such drama took place, what I would think of having him as a father. I remember the intensity of my reaction. Outwardly, I was angry, saying that I would kick him and beat him up; inwardly, feeling confused -- if he had been my father, then I wouldn't know the father whom I was now protecting. I felt confused and angry that she put me in this position.

My mother told me about other admirers. When the front moved to Moscow, because she was a Polish national and refused Soviet citizenship (she had been a Communist in Poland, and often said that Stalin cured her of this), the labor camp had to be moved away from the front at the insistence of the Polish government in exile in London. She and her sister and others were moved to Tajikistan, I think it was. A rather more exotic place, where men bought their brides with horses. One such character, with one wife already, was quite taken with my mother and offered her a horse as a wedding gift. She said that they called her "gypsy," perhaps because of the slight olive cast to her skin, but I gathered also because of a somewhat fiery style to her presentation, a seductiveness.

My parents seemed to come from very different backgrounds. My mother used to say that if it hadn't been for the War, they would not have married. She said this as if it would have been for the better.

My father's father, my patronym, was a petit bourgeois, the wine importer for Rotschild wines in the area. This was a significant position, as the Rothshchids would be certain that their representatives were of good character. My father's mother was from a large textile manufacturing family in Lodz. Lodz was a major industrial and metropolitan area. My father remembers my grandfather as well-dressed, of stately bearing, with a walking stick. While my grandfather was respectful of his rebbe, even



touching the wheels of his carriage, lifting his fingers to touch his lips, he would at some Friday nights, upon leaving late from work, conceal his walking stick in his sleeve so as not to offend other Jews by carrying something after the Shabbat. My father said that my grandfather had a wonderful cantorial voice. On Yom Kippur, when my grandfather was asked to sing the Kol Nidre, the goyim, the non-Jews would gather outside the windows of the synagogogue to hear him. My father would joke, in Yiddish, that while my grandfather sang like a bird (a foigel), my father inherited only the foigele (the genitals).

His oldest brother was a student of Esperanto, a bike racer, an intellect. He left for the Soviet Union when the Nazis invaded, to join the Soviet Army and was never heard from again.

His sister was someone he felt sweetly towards. She was married, with an infant. My father saw his nephew's head bashed against a tree before the Nazis took away his sister and her husband. His next brother, Sender, was a soccer fanatic. He rarely kept his shoes, losing them on the playing field. He joined the Polish army, then the Polish underground, which was almost as dangerous for a Jew as the Nazis, then the Soviet Army. When my father found him in 1961, the year before my Bar Mitzvah, we learned that he escaped the Soviet Army after the War, made aliyah to Israel and joined the Israeli army. Then came my father and his youngest brother.

My grandfather fell ill of some progressive neurological disease when my father was four. Despite a trip to Vienna, nothing could be done and, to this day I do not know his diagnosis. He died when my father was eight. My father went to the funeral. He began stuttering shortly thereafter (he does not make this connection) and describes how his mother took over the business and how his oldest brother cured him from stuttering. My father describes this in a loving, caring way, but his brother would stand behind him at the table, telling him to take his time talking, sometimes tapping him on the head. My father described himself as an orphan, which confused me, since I thought of an orphan as someone who has lost both parents. Only in adulthood, did I



begin to understand that his mother's death in the Camps, even though during my father's late adolescence, orphaned him psychologically. I liked my father's background. One of my treats as an adult was to buy a case of Rothschild wine.

My mother came from Zdunskawola, a small shtetl some kilometers outside of Lodz, where, my father would tease, there was a main street and a goat. Her father, Fishl, was a harness-maker, a shtrick-macher, at a time when even in Poland, horses were becoming scarce as transportation. He was some 20 years older than my grandmother, Ester. Perhaps a second marriage. He was rabidly religious. He would not work Shabbat even when his family was starving, or on one occasion, when they were evicted (by their Jewish landlord) in the winter: the rebbe implored the landlord to not evict, to no avail. My mother does not know her birthdate exactly, because of an enterprising Uncle. In order to go to school, you needed a birth certificate. To get a birth certificate, you had to go to Warsaw and pay a fee. Because many were so poor, they waited for several babies to be born, then sent a representative with all the fees to register all the babies. Her Uncle took the money, and kept going until New York. When we immigrated in 1949, my mother called him: he refused to have anything to do with us.

My mother, the oldest, began working in the looms when she was nine; small, she could climb beneath the large machine-loom to gather up the threads and lint. She started working on shabbat a few years later, sneaking out. When her father found out, she challenged him to work also so that the children would have food. He thrashed her, and she never forgot this. She became a Bundist, a Communist, an anything-but-religious Jew.

I was pleased to be named after my father's father. We already had two Fishels, my cousins little and big Phil. In fact, my given name was Naftali Moshe, but usually pronounced in their Eastern European Yiddish, as "Naftooleh Moishe." this was transformed by my year-older sister into "Tootoosh," which was adopted as my given

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name by my aunts, uncles and four cousins, even until my majority. Because of this nickname, and my father's concern that this would not be suitable on the playground, when we became naturalized citizens in 1956, he changed my name to Nathan Moses. Biblically, Naftali was the fellow who, after Moses parted the Red Sea and when others hesitated, was the first to plunge in, showing his faith in god, or at least in Moses. Nathan, of course was the prophet to David, and like the Shakespearean fool, could say critical things to the king that others could not or were not brave enough to say. I rather like Nathan more, but have wondered about the wisdom of making a career of standing up to such kings.

Visiting my cousins. We did this rarely, usually for Pesach or Channuka. I was more comfortable with Uncle Abram than the others. I liked my cousin Sammy, who was the oldest. He had an uncanny ability to use both cheeks to make a quacking-squeeking sound, repetitively, absent-mindedly, which annoyed my Tante Chaya, as much as it intrigued me. My aunts moved north, in a nouveau riche, but working class neighborhood closer to the Lake and beyond Kodak. I regretted not living near my cousins, didn't understand why my parents didn't move closer, but ended up liking where I lived better. But my cousins lived within half a block of each other. The Szmedras lived at the house facing the end of the Klotz's street. The Klotz's street had a center park and across this a large, open lot which was good for baseball. Little Phil was Sammy's brother, the favored one, the smarter, more outgoing one. He became a heroin addict, then a restauranter, then a shady seller of high-priced cars, BMW's and such: he had no dealership; you told him the car you wanted, and he delivered one. Sammy was smart. He got an engineering degree, then worked at a Delco factory, on the assembly line. Tante Chaya shiddached him too, with a Russian immigrant, a pretty woman and violinist, whom I think married him for citizenship. Sammy, until his marriage in his late twenties, lived at home, often returning home late at night and blacking out on the kitchen floor.

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A memory of Uncle Zecharia, I think at Big Phil's birthday. I stayed in the kitchen when most of this happened in the living room, frightened to see what was happening. Uncle Zecharia liked the Saturday morning cartoons. This I thought odd in itself. This morning, Phil and Louie (my "twin" cousin) were watching a channel and Uncle Zecharia wanted to watch a different cartoon. Phil wouldn't change the channel. Uncle Zecharia started shouting, then kicking Phil as he lay curled up on the floor, both crying and sort of laugh-hollering back. I am in the kitchen with Ester and my father. My father later said that Uncle Zecharia's temper had something to do with the Camps. Big Phil and Louie never married, remained dedicated to their parents.

A baseball game. We played a pick-up game with the neighborhood kids. Perhaps because I was the smallest, the others didn't want me on their team, so my cousins protective, had me on their team. My cousins were good. But the other team had a few good batters. Despite my shortness, perhaps because of it, I played second base: I think the rationale was that whoever was pitching (usually Big Phil or Louie) would be able to stop the line drives before they got to me. I was quite grateful that my cousins had me on their team. So when one of the opposing players hit one way out (no fence), then began loping around first, taunting my cousins, when he got to second, I tripped him. He was irate, wanted to beat me up. My cousins gathered around me protectively, but didn't seem as pleased by my "play" as I thought they should be.

Uncle Abram and Dreidle. We played for peanuts or pennies. Uncle Abram joined us on the living room floor. He could spin a dreidle upside down; when it slowed, it would wobble, then almost pop over. But Uncle Abram would play for Little Phil, unfair to the rest of us, even though Fishele was a bit younger. We played with Yiddish words for the Hebrew letters: nun was nem (take all), gimel was gornicht (nothing), but the rest were the same--heh was halb (half), shin was shtel (put something in the pot). But, when I played with non-Yiddish Jewish kids, they played it differently.



When we had Seder together, it was at the Klotz's. It was crowded around the dining room table, which filled much of the room. There was a card table set up in the living room for the children. The seder ran long. I remember learning in cheder that if you fell asleep during the seder then Eliyahu Hanaviah, Elijah the Prophet, would take you away in his bag. We stayed awake.

When we moved to Dartmouth, my father sent me to Beth Sholem, the orthodox synagogue that was about a fifteen minute bike ride out Monroe Avenue, towards Brighton, the Jewish suburb. Diagonally across the street from our house on Dartmouth was a little Orthodox shul. It barely filled with ten men, a minyan even on Saturday. I didn't know about it until I entered my religious period when I was twelve. Until then, I went to Beth Sholem with Rabbi Hoschander. I asked my father, who essentially was an agnostic, why he sent me to Beth Sholem. He said, when I was an adolescent, that he wanted me to know what I was going to reject. At Beth Sholem, I learned how to daven, the mumbly, rapid murmur of reciting words that I was never taught to understand. I was taught to shockel, to sway back and forth quickly. We joked that Jews shockeled because, when Jewish boys are born, they are balanced. After the bris, the circumcision, they are unbalanced, hence the swaying.

My first teacher at Beth Sholem was also the cantor, Chazan Lottner and was fun. He was a broad-shouldered, but not overly tall man with a broad smile, gap-toothed. He would break into song to teach us. Immitating a popular ad campaign, "Take Sominex tonight and sleep, sleep, sleep," he taught us that Pittom meant "suddenly," by breaking into the ad song, "Take suddenly tonight..." He had an accent, I think Israeli. He left shortly thereafter and was replaced by a chazan with a thin tenor voice. His voice didn't carry well. Because they could not use electricity on shabbat, they figured out a way to amplify his voice so it could be heard by the congregation in the back. The chazan faced the front of the synagogue, the bimah where the torah was

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the ongoing monitoring and evaluation of the system. It stresses the importance of regularly reviewing the system's performance and making necessary adjustments to ensure it remains effective and efficient.

5. The final part of the document provides a conclusion and summarizes the key findings and recommendations. It reiterates the importance of continuous improvement and the role of the system in achieving the organization's goals.

kept, next to which the rabbi sat. They set up a plexiglass baffle in front of the chazan to reflect his voice to the back: now people in the front couldn't hear him.

Until the day of my Bar Mitzvah, Rabbi Hoschander called me Charles, confusing me with a trouble-maker in the class. This wounded me. Being shy, I didn't correct him.

My father went to shul with me on Rosh Hashannah and Yom Kippur, and on Pesach, perhaps on Purim. He once pointed out to me how the Rabbi greeted him warmly, shaking his hand when my father came in: my father said that this was because my father rarely came; if he came more frequently, the rabbi would have ignored him. There were some fairly religious men with beards and wearing large tallises, prayer shawls. On Yom Kippur and Rosh Hashannah, one in particular would stand off from the rest of the congregation, near a window, praying fervently, not clearly following along with the others. One prayer was asking for forgiveness by professing one's multiple sins and hitting one's breast with one's fist. This man was battering himself strikingly, wailing out the sins. I asked my father why. He said that this man was a businessman: he had sinned a lot.

For all of these stories, I didn't feel like an immigrant, like someone whose father had been in Concentration Camp; I felt like Nathan. But at times I felt alone, a yearning for friends. I developed a few close ones.

At first, because it was a lengthy walk to school for a second grader, my sister would walk with me and, because her third grade got out some half hour after my second grade was done, I would wait for her in my classroom. My teacher had me sit in the back of the class, in a desk turned around to face the back wall, perhaps, so she could work at her desk. My desk was oak, with the seat somewhat molded, a "crease" up the center of the seat, as if to "separate" your thighs, then an arm that came off the back, upon which your left arm could rest, with the desk part coming off the arm and directly in front. One afternoon, I had to pee. Quite badly. I raised my hand. The

teacher said that I had to sit quietly until my sister came. She didn't ask what I wanted, and I remembered feeling uncomfortable telling her unless she called on me, the only child left in the class. My parents spoke of school as my second home, even after the drag-down-the-stairs fiasco in first grade. They also said repeatedly that however I acted at home, I should always behave well in front of others. This I did. But I was terribly uncomfortable, squirming quietly as I could. Finally, I released it; I peed into my pants, onto the chair (it wasn't my desk) and could hear the pee dripping onto the floor. I felt some embarrassment, but mostly relief. But I was too embarrassed to tell the teacher what I had done. She never mentioned anything after this. To this day, I'm uncertain whether she ever noticed the puddle on the chair and the floor to the right of the chair. I also felt as if this served her right for not letting me tell her that I needed to use the restroom. (This is what we called it, and this appellation I did not understand. I certainly didn't think of it as a place to rest.)

In third grade, my classmates became more alive for me. I remember them as specific people. I stayed with this group, the smarter kids, although we did not think of ourselves this way, until seventh grade. The boys, Eddie Steinberg, Willie Wilforth, Tommy Morse, Osband, DeWitt and a few others, began to signal and talk to each other with secret codes: we developed a two-handed sign language, prideful of how rapidly we could spell out words, then hide our efforts from the teacher. We had special coughs to call another's attention in order to send our "Morse" code. We practiced cupping our hands under an armpit, then winging that arm forcefully downward to produce large farts. By the end of the year, the teacher was "on to" most of our signals. Dismayed we were when she announced that she would become our fourth grade teacher. How would we signal to each other now?

If we got to school early enough, we practiced ant bombing. We would stand in a circle in front of the main entrance (we couldn't enter that door, but we were away from the lines at the side entrances-- fewer kids to get in the way). We circled an ant

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hill in the crack in the sidewalk. Without bending over, except for your head, we competed over who could spit-bomb the most ants. We watched them swim through the globs of expectorant. DeWitt told us that he wanted to grow up to become a "Playboy" photographer. This seemed odd in several respects. First, why would he want to look at naked girls. Second, he had a very high-pitched voice (he told us that his mother taught him to modulate it so it wouldn't sound so shrill), which didn't sound manly. (He developed a fine basso in adolescence.) Third, we knew that he didn't have a father. We weren't sure he ever had one. We felt something odd about that. He also told us proudly that he was named after a former governor of New York, DeWitt Clinton. We liked DeWitt, but this naming after a governor didn't seem like a big deal.

Tommy, to our envy lived right across the street from the school. Tommy Gerbaso. His father was a doctor, but Tommy was chubby: I thought that a doctor's son would not be chubby. Tommy was a nice kid. His father didn't want him to swear, so Tommy had to make up swears that weren't swears, like "Oh, feathers!" or he had to call "ketchup", catsup, so that he wouldn't in error say "ketshit." Tommy was the one who told us about the boy who tried to make a pipe bomb, stuffing lady fingers (what we called the small firecrackers) into a pipe, and blew his fingers off: they stuck to the ceiling, Tommy said. I had the image of some human stalactites.

On the way home, from the opposite direction, we would meet kids from the Catholic school on Monroe Avenue, the Blessed Sacrament School, B.S.S., or Baby Sing Sing. In fact, some were quite tough. Walking home with a friend, we met one of the big kids. I was perhaps in third grade, no longer walking with my sister. He began picking on me. He lifted me into the air and asked if I wanted to go up or down. I figured quickly that if I said down, he would hurt me, throw me down. So I said "Up." He looked visibly stunned and let me slip down. This was one of the first occasions I had to realize that I was smarter than some and could use it to my advantage.



My two earliest friends were Michael Rosenbloom and Spencer Turnipseed. Michael lived down Dartmouth on the other side of Harvard in a large white clapboard house with round pillars and a porch. He was a pretty boy with freckles. He had a younger sister. His father was a realtor, but, more importantly, a pilot in the reserves. We liked playing together. During the summers, I left my house in the early morning and often would not return until eight. Sometimes my mother would lean out the front window to call me in. Embarrassing. This meant that I often missed lunch. Michael's mother was quite strict: he had to practice piano, which he abhorred. He couldn't go out until he finished his breakfast completely. One morning, I waited outside (at her insistence) while Michael had to finish his scrambled eggs. Finally, she asked me in, perhaps in the hope that Michael would finish faster. I sat at the table while Michael dawdled at his snotty-textured eggs, playing with a plastic molded horse and cowboy, which galloped up the side of the table leg between each forkful. When I saw the texture of the eggs, I thought to myself, no wonder he didn't want to eat them.

One of Michael's remarkable talents, which he tried to impart on me, was to know the location of the gas caps on any model car. This was when the car manufactures did not put the caps in the same location. Sometimes they would tuck the gas inlet behind the rear license plate: you had to pull the plate downwards; it was hinged on a spring (it seemed that many of these springs wore-out after a bit and it was obvious where the inlet was, as the car drove, its plate flapping in the breeze). We would walk or run down the street, and on a dare, Michael would roll off the location of each gas intake. Remarkable to me. He could also rattle off the year and make of many models: he could distinguish a Bel Air from a Biscayne, from an Impala. This was in the era of fins as they sprouted from the slight peaks in '55 to the upright dorsals of '57 and then flopped over into the lateral fins of '59 or the softer, molded '58's.

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. It mentions the use of surveys, interviews, and focus groups to gather information from stakeholders.

3. The third part describes the process of identifying and assessing risks. It highlights the need to regularly evaluate potential threats to the organization's success and to develop strategies to mitigate these risks.

4. The fourth part focuses on the implementation of the findings from the research. It discusses the importance of developing clear action plans and assigning responsibilities to ensure that the recommendations are effectively implemented.

5. The fifth part discusses the role of communication in the research process. It emphasizes the need to keep all stakeholders informed and engaged throughout the project.

6. The sixth part provides a summary of the key findings and conclusions of the study. It reiterates the importance of ongoing monitoring and evaluation to ensure the long-term success of the organization.

7. The final part of the document includes a list of references and a glossary of terms used throughout the report.

Two houses down from Michael was the brownie lady. We were told that if you rang her doorbell, she would bring you brownies. We tried this once and it was true. But we felt too embarrassed to try this again.

Spencer moved to a big house at the northeast corner of Dartmouth and Harvard. He had a wraparound porch with newels, some of which were missing, like an old man with gaps among his teeth. Michael and I first noticed Spencer when he was batting stones in his front yard with a piece of wood, most likely off his porch. We thought he was dorky for doing this. We became fast friends.

What we did. For instance, Spencer had a TV room upstairs. It was a grand house. (I later learned that his father was a minister. They were from the South, which seemed to explain the odd last name.) On Saturdays, we would gather to "watch" wrestling. Watching meant that we also wrestled during the show. We would try out the moves, such as the Sphinx's arching head hold. We would boo at Gorgeous George, especially as he entered the arena, his golden cape flowing, shaking his golden locks, and with several lithe woman running ahead of him, spraying what we thought was perfume, but using the pump bug spray containers. The people on either side of the aisles would recoil in mock disgust to avoid the perfume sprays. Somehow, the three of us worked out some way that we could all three wrestle simultaneously. At times like this, I felt more a kid, an American kid, and relieved of the veil of tears that I felt at home.

Hit by a snowball. After a snowball fight in which Spencer threw one that cut my eyebrow, I learned how someone else thought about my mother. I bled profusely from the cut. Mrs. Turnipseed called my mother. (It happened across the street from Spencer's house.) My mother seemed less hysterical than I thought she would be. Mrs. Turnipseed offered to take me to the pediatrician's office. He treated her very graciously. (I felt that he shouldn't have been so nice to her, given that her son had thrown the offending object.) Then I heard him say about my mother: that Mrs.

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Turnipseed shouldn't be upset about her reaction as she tended to overreact. I felt hurt that he said this. I gathered that he attended Reverend Turnipseed's church. I felt a bit on the outside. But, afterwards, down Park Avenue there was a small grocery, and Mrs. Turnipseed offered to buy me any cookies that I wanted. I bought a package of Oreo cookies; she encouraged me to eat as many as I wanted, and I proceeded to do so. It was hard for me to stay mad at her, and I even found myself envying Spencer for having a mother who had such a calm demeanor.

These and the next few years, until adolescence, were my lighter years.

Chapter Four

My little sister, Dorothy, or Dvoirah Rivka, was born when I was eight. In memory, she was very little of my life. Ester and I babysat for her, and Dorothy liked it when she was about five and I combed her hair. I left for College, never to return home except for a few days at a time, when she was ten. As I got to know her when she was older, she seemed like a strange being, albeit one that fit in with my family. It might be more accurate to describe me as the stranger; my future wife was to say, having met my family, that I seemed to come from a different planet than they.

But Dorothy's birth and the time that my mother was in the hospital was the first time that my father sat with Ester and I to tell us stories of the Camps.

I suspect that Dorothy's birth was unplanned. My father was the only one who worked, my mother never able to hold down a job for more than a few weeks or months. Usually she complained that this was due to anti-Semitism; once it was because she worked at Gerber Baby Foods and developed an unremitting fungal infection in her middle finger of her left hand. I remember months of gruesome-looking floppy rubber tubes protruding from under the nailbed and the distortion of the nail and her finger tip over the years. Her complaint of ubiquitous anti-Semitism, I gathered, did not hold water with my father: his boss and many of his coworkers were no paragons of Judophilia.

My father was laconic. He said little of his family; he said little of his feelings about my mother, almost the converse of my mother's allusions to her dissatisfaction with my father. On our Sunday trip back from Joseph Avenue shopping, he would say a bit when I told him about my mother's comments about what it would have been like like had she married someone else, how she would explain that she married my father for reasons that I would understand only after I got older. My father would say that my mother was a good mother, but that as a wife it was different.

I can picture the scene well; what we heard, I piece together. My father had been asking us to help keep the house neat while my mother was away. He said this with warmth and concern for her. This evening, he sat on the garbage can, on the chrome top that was slightly convex and would flip up when you hit the footpedal. It was a low perch, lower than a chair. Ester and I each sat on a lap. It was, in retrospect, a fitting place to hear about the Camps. I don't recall why he started, except that we had asked some questions. What I remember I could put into narrative flow. But how it was told was more kaleidoscopic and much more visual than words.

For instance, the SS used to put a man upside down in a barrel filled with water. They would see how long he would live. My father remembered the sound of the legs kicking against the barrel.

When the SS came to get his family, he stepped in front of his mother. That's when his upper teeth were knocked out and nose broken by the officer with a chair. He told about his infant nephew being swung by the feet and head smashed against a tree. He told us about how beautiful his sister had been.

The selection. He went with his younger brother, whom he had taken care of in the labor camps outside Lodz. My father was small and slight. In the selection line at Auschwitz, he noticed that the infirm, the old, those who did not look strong enough went to the right; able bodied to the left; young women to the center. He remembered Mengele as wearing gloves. My father was waved to the right. Beyond the table, he ducked to the left, he ran into the crowd, into a cattle car.

In the Camps. His brother was killed early on. For no reason that was clear, an SS kicked him in the belly with his boot, Shtievle. (The word has a diminutive sound to my ears, one that does not befit its horror.) My father carried his brother to the bunk and watched him die over night.

How he survived. He worked three jobs at first. He worked in the coal mines. There were two choices: you could work in the area where you could stand, but then



water kept dripping on you head. You could work lying down, no water dripping. At the end of the work day, you could walk out of the mines, or ride up the conveyer with the coal; but then you could be crushed between the mined coal.

Advice. Better to eat the bread, not to save it for later. It could get stolen.

Second job. At night, he was permitted to scrub the floor of the bunk. The German guard gave him this job, in exchange for two things. First, he could dish out soup at supper. Second, the guard would sleep on the steps of the bunk house. My father kept a bolt at his side. When someone was coming to check on the guard, my father chucked the bolt to awaken the guard. The guard said he did this, because my father reminded him of his own son at home.

The third job was dishing out the soup at supper. When he did that, he got to have the soup at the bottom, sometimes two bowls. There was more substance at the bottom. Sometimes he gave the second bowl to someone else.

I wondered, but did not ask, why they couldn't eat grass, rather than stay hungry. I wondered if my father had ever done anything bad, like some of the men he said that were Kapos, non-German lackies of the SS, who were often as bad or worse than the SS.

More advice. Better to care for your own injuries, like peeing on a wound, than to go to the infirmary, where they did experiments. When he was badly beaten by an SS, kicked, hit with a rock, repeatedly, his compatriots put him in a wheelbarrow to take him back to the bunk and nursed him there.

This advice, I took as advice for living, how to get along in life. Delouse every night, even if you feel too tired. Giving up delousing is like giving up on living. Better to use the upper bunk, even though you might be tired and tempted to take a lower bunk. In the lower bunk, others dropped their lice and bedbugs from above.

He never mentioned names of other inmates. I never thought of them as people.

He would say things like this.



Why we waited for four years in German displaced person camps. First, my father wanted to go to kibbutz. But in his ulpan, he felt that the men from kibbutz expected him and the others to do the work, while they watched. Also, he didn't want to work for a lifetime and never own anything.

Then, he applied to emigrate to Australia: he wanted to get as far away from the rest of mankind as was possible. But the waiting period for Australia was too long. So, he applied for the U.S. I had thought of myself as American, couldn't imagine that I could have been otherwise, just as I couldn't imagine anyone else being my father.

This too I remember along with his story about Australia. He was talking about the atom bomb. He said that there were times that he wished he could drop it on the entire world. A privileged generation.

This is what I remember mostly from my mother's confinement and Dorothy's birth. I remember the corner with the garbage can. I remember the warmth of sitting on his lap, of his telling us stories.

Who could ever outdo a life like this. Of the six million sent to the Camps, 70,000 survived. He was one.



Chapter Five

Fifth grade was terrible on several accounts. I remember this in terms of my teacher. I was known as a good boy, quiet, no trouble maker. I was unprepared for her.

Some episodes. We received new, red Webster's dictionaries. Heavy ones. They were piled on their sides, bindings to the left, in the front cabinet of the room, to the right of the blackboard. She asked a few of the boys to carry them to the back of the room. We had to carry a few at a time. My palms were sweaty; the red dye of the covers began staining my hands. I was worried that I might be marring the covers. I showed her my hands and said that they were sweaty. She asked me loudly to repeat this in front of the class several times. I didn't know what I had done wrong, but feeling embarrassed, repeated that my hands were sweaty. She proclaimed loudly to the class that only horses sweat, people perspire. She repeated that several times.

Another episode, near the end of the school day. I asked her what were ear lobes. I read alot, had seen the word "lobes," but didn't know the meaning. (I should have used the new, red Webster's.) We were lined up at the classroom door, ready to leave for the day. She pointed to the side of my head, repeating loudly to the class that I had ear lobes. She followed me into the hallway, to the landing of the stairwell, then down the first flight of stairs, repeating loudly that I had ear lobes. Whatever they were, I knew that they were red with embarrassment.

Christmas episode. We were to do a Christmas play in the class. The last scene was a manger scene. Most of us were to gather behind standing or kneeling to pray and sing to the infant Jesus. I did not want to kneel. Michael Osband got a written note that he didn't have to participate in the play. I told her that I didn't want to kneel. She said that I would need a note. I said I would get one. She said that it would have to come from the Rabbi, not from my parents. I said nothing. She insisted that I kneel. I am on stage left in the manger scene.



Last episode. Here is what I did, unthinkingly as we filed out of the classroom to music. (I had a crush on my music teacher. I later studied violin because I had heard that this and the oboe were her favorite instruments.) They were tearing plaster and paint off the hallway walls. There were piles of plaster on the floor. I had a mimeographed half-page note from the school asking my mother to volunteer in some activity. I knew that she would not do these things. I crumpled the note and tossed it onto the pile of plaster to the left of our classroom door.

After music, we are sitting in our seats. The teacher asks us to take out the notes she had given us. I began to feel that something was wrong. She asked why I was the only one who didn't have a note. I said that my mother couldn't come to volunteer. This in itself made me feel more conspicuous. She asked what I had done with the note. I said I had tossed it. She asked where. I now figured out my transgression. I said that I had tossed it on the pile of plaster. She said that I had littered in the hallway. By now, she had me come to the front of the classroom to interrogate me. She asked all the children to crumple the notes (as I had) and to toss their notes on the floor. She said that I was to get onto my hands and knees, and to go down every aisle to pick up the crumpled notes. It was the thought of doing this on my knees, that I refused. She grabbed me by the shoulders (I am now sobbing, hiccuping) and shook me as she screamed that I should get onto my hands and knees and clean up. I kept crying and refusing. Then I did something that surprised both of us. I stomped on her foot (high heels, black) and punched her in the stomach. She kept shaking me and saying that she was going to send me to the principal's office. I broke away and said that I would go. When I got to the door, still sobbing, she said that I could use the dust pan and a hand broom to clean up the papers. To my regret (I should have gone to the principal's), I came back and did so. The brush had a horizontal handle, with black, soft bristles; the dust pan was black metal with a handle that was hollow and had a hole in the back for hanging. I bent over, up and down the



rows, sobbing and sweeping. The other kids were silent. To this day, I do not toss crumpled paper anywhere but bins.

I can not tell you what I studied that year in fifth grade. I have a clearer sense of what I learned from her, how ruthless and arbitrary a teacher could be.

Friends change. Eddie Steinberg, and later his friend, Willie Wilfirth became my friends and compatriots in fifth and sixth grade. This was an unusual group for me. Eddie lived in a very large, old, beautiful house in the opposite direction from school, between Park and East Avenues. He lived near the elegant part of East Avenue, closer to the George Eastman House. He had two older brothers. His father was Jewish; his mother British and not Jewish. I liked him very much and enjoyed his mother. We imitated her British accent, and after we began running around with Willie, we developed British-sounding monikers to hail each other, like the three musketeers. I was "Shauzy," Eddie was "Stoimy," Willie was, well something like "Willeh."

Eddie and I sent away a cereal box top to win a prize, and we did. We won a tiny, live turtle. We thought we would split the time the turtle would live at each other's house. But, it never made it to my place. Eddie came home one day. The housekeeper had been there, vaccuuming. The turtle bowl was empty.

Here is how I really didn't realize the distinction between Yiddish and English. My parents continued to speak Yiddish at home, while Ester and I responded in English. I am playing with Eddie on the floor in my room, just between the door and the bed. Eddie asks about playing outside. My father, overhearing as he is in the dining room or kitchen, says to me in Yiddish that I can't go out. I continue playing quietly with Eddie. Eddie looks puzzled and asks why I didn't answer his question. As I say "You heard what my father said," I realize that it was in Yiddish; that, of course, Eddie wouldn't understand it. He didn't know that my father was responding to his question, but talking to me.



My friendship with Willie was the first time that I recall my mother objecting to my choice of friends. Willie was more Eddie's than my friend. But liked by Eddie was good enough for me. Willie lived past Blessed Sacrament and behind the pharmacy where my mother sent me to be cigarettes for her (illegally, and the pharmacist was uncomfortable with this). I gathered that Willie's family was poor White trash.

He had a huge, black cherry tree in his back yard. He said that his grandfather owned a farm and impressed us with stories of how large a tractor's tires were. He taught us this about cherry picking. Before we climbed the tree, Willie filled his red wagon with water and placed it below the tree. All three of us climbed, although I stayed close to the first fork, uncertain of my ability to climb higher and pick. We dropped the picked cherries into the wagon: ones that floated had worms; sinkers were edible. We gorged ourselves, certain of wormless treats. The darker red ones were sweetest; smaller and paler pink not as tasty. Still, we had plenty left to box. We emptied the wagon of water and cherries, boxed some and, using the wagon, peddled them door to door for sale-- kind of a children's version of the "watermelon" man in my old neighborhood.

Willie was going to study guitar so that he could be a rock and roll star. Eddie and I worked at fixing up Willie in his living room, guitar in hands, so that he looked like Elvis Presley. I remember watching him on the Ed Sullivan show and saw the infamous hip grinding (or rather didn't see it, because of the camera angle) and my discomfort at seeing this. Ed Sullivan was a regular in our family as was Perry Como. "Oh my papa" guaranteed tears in my mother.

Willie was interested in girls. I was not. I think that Eddie's interest was somewhere between Willie's and mine. We spent one afternoon, chasing, teasing, being rebuffed by some older girls who lived in the apartment building on Monroe between the dentist's house and the infamous gas station, which I had plotted to



explode. I remember my anxious giggling and associated discomfort: I was doing this for Willie and had little interest in it.

Eddie and I scorched around alot in the summer. We found ways to earn a bit of money. We washed the professor's car (the math professor diagonally across from our house). His wife kept instructing us, even insisting, that we should wash from the bottom up, so that we wouldn't streak the car. We got twenty-five cents each and spent the late afternoon beneath a street lamp having blown our dough on a quart of soda and various candies. We managed without lunch, which only interrupted our summer day, although Eddie's mom objected to this. Being properly British, she eventually insisted that Eddie come home for lunch. I would wait for him in his back yard. On one occassion, his mom offered me a sandwich outside. I accepted uncomfortably: I really wasn't hungry and didn't mind waiting for him outside, rather than take the twenty minute walk home and then back.

We spent hours running in the grassy alley between the back yards and jumping off garage roofs.

One game of cowboys and indians got me in a tight spot. I leaped over a neighbor's porch railing, barking my shin. We shouldn't have been playing on his porch or even yard. We spent much time in cowboys and indians arguing whether we had been shot or not. My shin and knee hurt badly enough that I told my mother about this the next day, not revealing that I had hit it. We ended up in the emergency room at Genesee Hospital, X-rays being taken, still not revealing the railing etiology. After multiple worried looks by doctors, I overheard words about bone cancer and the anxiety in my mother's face. Now I felt I had let things go to far and didn't know how to save face. Fortunately, they chose to send me home and watch me for a while. My secret never revealed, my shin improved.

Eddie had a cohort of friends who began to cross to the other side of delinquency. They lived on his side of the school, were working poor, and were in the



slower tracked class at school, the one my sister had always been in. I had not thought explicitly of being smarter than Ester, until high school. Throughout, I loved her, we were close, she used to protect me when kids would pick on me on the way home from school. I was surprised to learn in high school, that the grammar school had wanted to keep Ester behind in school: my parents said that they convinced the school that it would have been hard to have Ester in the same grade (although different class) as I.

In any case, Eddie's friends would do things like steal from the Little Store. This was a candy store in a house about a block and a half behind the school. The owners were elderly and their son, who looked to be in his early twenties, had cerebral palsy, with an odd, slurred and guttural speech. He often worked the counter. It was particularly cruel to steal candies and have him shout in his slurred basso after us. He certainly could not move as quickly. I did this once, with careful coaching beforehand and felt awful afterwards. Eddie and I stayed friends, although this became strained in sixth and seventh grades. While Eddie was bright enough to be in our faster track class, he began to comb his hair ("duck's ass") and dress and talk like the hoods: they would wear undershirts backwards so that the collar ran just beneath the Adam's apple. It looked uncomfortable. They would roll up the already short sleeves of these undershirts: some ventured a pack of cigarettes in the rolled-up sleeve. I was struck with how immaculately white were these shirts. The major break between us came when several of his friends were arrested for breaking and entering the school. The back of the school had a roof with translucent skylight-like windows. They broke through these. Whether they stole anything, I never learned. It was treated as a hush-hush matter by the school.. In any case, I wanted nothing to do with Eddie. I recall how poignantly his hood friends came to me to plead his friendship. This was shortly before my Bar Mitzvah. I decided not to invite Eddie. They came to me to tell me how much Eddie missed me and was hurt that I hadn't invited him to the Bar Mitzvah. But I never



regained that friendship: by high school, Eddie had dropped his academic work enough that we no longer shared classes. I missed him also.

I never did well at sports. I wished that my father would help me, but he was either working at the second factory on Saturday's or on the lawn, bushes or house. His one rest time seemed to be his long soaking bath on Saturday mornings. He did not bathe nor shower during the week, as far as I could tell. He dressed in work clothes. I remember when his boss said that they all needed to buy steel-capped shoes, because the insurance company said that it would result in less injuries (and a lower premium for him). My father, in one of the few openly voiced complaints, didn't like to have to pay for these.

I really wanted to try out for baseball. I really wanted to go to the Red Wings. (This was an International League farm team for the Baltimore Orioles---Boog Powell came out of Rochester. When he returned with the Orioles for an exhibition game, the crowd roared "Booooog!" I thought they were booing him.) To try out for the Peanut League, you needed a glove for hardball. I did not realize how costly these were. I begged dad for a mitt. I had in mind the long-fingered kind that were signed by Yankee players. I didn't want a catcher's mitt, nor the first base mitt with its lobster claw look. My father took me to Sears, but in such a way that I knew that he did not want to do this, perhaps because of the expense, perhaps because it may have been hard for him to see me enjoy a childhood, which he had been robbed of. I bought an ugly mitt. I don't recall whether he directed me to it, because it was affordable, or whether I steered myself, keeping an eye on him for approval. It had short, stubby fingers, with bulky padding. You couldn't put one finger on the outside of the back, like I saw some major leaguers do. I did not get to practice with him. When we went for try-out, I would flinch when they hit grounders. I didn't make it.

Same was true in picking out teams at "sand lot" ball at school. I was a weak player and was picked last. Didn't get to pitch. Which is why I was surprised at the next



incident. This involve one of the upper class guys, whom I admired, and who was a decent fellow, even though he didn't particularly like me. There was a narrow ledge on the brick wall near the back of the school. It was perhaps three feet off the ground. To walk it, you had to hug the wall, like an Egyptian frieze: face sideways, cheek against the wall, arms up and inching along. We also used the brick wall as a "catcher" when we were short players, and when we had a tennis ball, to play stoop ball. (Stoop ball we usually played against a stoop with two or three steps, preferably concrete rather than wood. One guy could play , or two or three. One guy pitched against the stoop, which batted the ball. Then you field it. This took pitching expertise to get the ball batted in different ways. If you hit squarely on the edge of a step, you could get a home run or a pop fly. If you got the ball into the angle between the steps, usually a pop up or high ball. Hit squarely on the face of a step and you could get a line drive. Otherwise, you got grounders. If more than one player, those fielding stood behind the pitcher. Anything in the air and into the street was a home run.)

Before we chose sides, this fellow was hugging the wall. Someone, perhaps he, but I think someone else, challenged me to try to hit him: I was known for my lousy aim. This was hardball mind you. I took one shot and beaned him. He was stunned and angry. He could have beaten the bejesus out of me. I was stunned, upset (because I admired him) and yet realized that this took extraordinary aim (or good/bad luck).

Another jock episode. We played touch football on the front lawn of the school on the weekends (no principal to chase us off the lawn, which we could never figure out why they had, if not for playing on). Occassionally, we played tackle. One of the biggest guys on the other team caught the ball and ran. I caught him and tried a tackle. I jumped up high enough to get my arms around his shoulders and neck. He began slowing progressively as I heard my team mates cheering me on. Finally, he went down on his back, I underneath him. My head landed on a stone. I felt proud that I had



caught him, impressed with how he could keep running with me hanging on, and my head hurt.

My sixth grade teacher I adored. By the end of the year, I told her that I wanted to take a photograph of her so that I could remember her. My father would take an inordinate amount of time, I thought, when he took pictures. We had a Kodak Brownie: it was a brown cube with ribbing around its center running vertically. I crouched at the side of her desk, she seated and looking down, the class quietly busy. She held her smile. Only when she asked when I would take the picture, did I realize that I had been taking overly long: I wanted to capture her.

She was from New England and found some of our pronunciations odd. The swimming beach in the north of the city on Lake Ontario, we called Charlotte, emphasis on the second syllable. She insisted that it should be emphasized on the first syllable. We liked her, but thought it odd to say the name differently than everyone else. She was nice and pretty and very unJewish.

Same was true with my music teacher. For her, I started violin. I started this near the end of my sixth grade. The teacher put me in the closet during the lesson, while she taught someone else. She turned on the light. Lessons cost seventy-five cents, but two students per half hour. At the end of the year, they gave me a scholarship and a new teacher.

She was wonderful. She was studying viola and performed with the Eastman student orchestra. At the end of the year, they went on tour and ran out of funding in Texas. She gave me the entire half hour alone. She decided that I should try out for a scholarship at the Eastman School. We worked on the Vivaldi E major violin concerto. Towards the end of the year, she invited me to come to her house for additional lessons. She lived on East Avenue, in a huge mansion, which had been subdivided into apartments. There was the cat lady, who had dozens of cats, which seemed to ooze out of every window, basement, hallway. Across the hall, lived a painter. He had

a massive front room with bay windows that served as his studio. There were large canvases and paint splattered throughout, including on the hardwood floor.

Her apartment, which she shared with another student, ran the length of the first floor, on the south end. She had a large fireplace in the front room, same bay windows as the Artists in front. She would make hot chocolate and float miniature marshmallows on top. I had never seen these before. In between lessons, all weekend, I went to the Eastman Music School to use the practice rooms. I was not supposed to, but my teacher showed me how to get in. She also offered extra lessons in the practice room. These would go for two or three hours. I got tired. I liked the sound-proof feeling of the rooms: you closed the doors, which were extra thick and had small windows. There was rubber gaskets around the doors and acoustical tiles on the walls and ceiling. There was a feeling in my ears, when I did not play, a feeling of fullness of silence. I would also walk from room to room, looking into the windows and listening to the various students. Sometimes it took me awhile before I selected a room.

I was not very good. I could play the Vivaldi, but nothing comparable, and to my embarrassment (even today) I really couldn't tune the violin. I would turn the pegs and they would loosen too much. I would try to tune by intervals, by fifths, but would end up checking with the pitch pipe. I couldn't afford much, so my teacher and I would scrounge the lost and found for a pitch pipe, which had one note that didn't work. We found a metronome that was a bit off: I had to tip it slightly to get it to play evenly. It was a brown pyramid, with a flattened metal spike that clicked back and forth; there was a weight on the spike that you moved up or down to change the speed. The weight clicked into shallow slots on the spike that held the weight in place.

This did not work well for the try out. She met me in the hallway outside the performance room. She was there to encourage me and to tune my violin. The try-out room was large. I remember only one music stand and several men and women (perhaps five) who sat in a slight semi-circle facing the stand. They asked me to tune

the violin, then to perform. I did the violin concerto fairly well, but scales and such not so well. In the end, I was offered a quarter scholarship. Lessons were about twelve dollars per half hour; this meant that my parents would pay nine dollars a lesson. My father was making about seven thousand a year. I went to a community music school in the center of Rochester instead. I regret this deeply.

Chapter six

Mr. Haller was a godsend. Here is how he became my seventh grade teacher. Mr. Haller always got the "smarter" class; Mrs. What's-Her-Name, an older lady, always got the slower class. We heard, this was gossip, that she had objected. They compromised. They split the classes: half of my class got mixed with half the slower class. I got Mr. Haller. He insisted that he could teach chemistry and advanced math to everyone.

I had met Mr. Haller when I was in sixth grade. I was at the top of the second floor landing, end of the day. I tossed a small gum wrapper over the railing (I guess I really hadn't "learned" from my fifth grade teacher). I felt my neck gripped firmly between a forefinger and thumb. I don't recall what he said. But I felt badly that Mr. Haller met me this way.

Mr. Haller was tall, about late twenty's or early thirties, crew-cut, red hair and freckles. He moved energetically, quickly, with certitude. He got a chemistry bench on wheels that he brought in for experiments. Here is how he taught us infinity. He wrote "one" with a series of zeroes, commas after every third. He wrote this starting at the left end of the front blackboard, kept going to the end of the end of the front blackboard and continued to the side blackboard, which ran to the cloakroom door in the back. I sat there. He asked us if this looked like the biggest number ever. We thought it did. He invited us to add a zero to make it bigger, then another zero and another. We got the idea. Infinity meant that there was no limit.

Here is an argument that I had with Mr. Haller. He won, and I learned. I had said that European schools taught more, the students learned more. I brought this from what my dad had said about Gymnasium. Mr. Haller insisted that students could only learn so much. He was quite exercised about this, and I had the sense that he was speaking for the other kids in the classroom.



I had heard that Haller painted houses over the summer to make more money. I biked up to one of the streets across Monroe so that I could see the house that he had been painting. After a weekend, when I went to had Mr. Haller something, I recognized the speckling of paint on his arms, among his freckles and fine blonding-red hairs on his arms. He was sunburned. Then I believed that he painted houses. This was hard to put together: I had difficulty thinking that a teacher would do manual work like my dad did, that he would have to work over the summer to make extra money. Some of my friends saw another teacher working as as salesman in the tool section at Sears.

I was impressed with Mr. Haller's dedication to all of us.

Now, I was in class with Eddie's friends. They were usually older, up to fifteen in the seventh grade. They wore their immaculate, bleached t-shirts, backwards so that the collars came up the the lower edges of their Adams apples, the already short sleeves rolled up to accentuate their biceps. As a concession to school, no cigarettes in the sleeve.

A lesson from Mr Haller about high school. Somehow, I got a "C" on an exam. This was unusual for me. I usually got straight "A's." I was stunned. Mr. Haller said this. He said that I had better get used to not geting "A's"; in high school, someday I would flunk an exam. there was some assurance about this.

Here is the most memorable lesson from Mr. Haller. We had heard that five of the guys in the class had beaten up Ron Piso, the fifteen year-old in the class. Ron was big, but never threatened anyone. He didn't hang out with gangs. He worked at the pharmacy on Park Avenue on the other side of school. They waited for him in the parking lot until Ron got out of work. He had never done anything to them. My guess was that he was a challenge because he was so big.

Mr. Haller said nothing. At the end of the day, he asked Ron and the five guys to stay after school. He didn't say why. I wanted to know what would happen. We

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weren't supposed to stay after, but I volunteered to do some cleaning or straightening up in the cloakroom. I don't think that I fooled Mr. Haller; he let me work there.

Here is what he did. He asked all six to move the desks from the center of the room. They made a neat circle. Mr. Haller told Ron to stand in the center of the circle. Ron did. Mr. Haller told the guys that he had heard about their ganging-up on Ron. The guys respected Mr. Haller. Some stood heads hanging. Mr. Haller said that now they could each fight like men. Each could fight Ron individually. Ron put up his fists, facing the first in line. None of the guys budged. Mr. Haller stayed silent for awhile, then talked to them about what it meant to fight honorably. That was it.

Mr. Haller left the school the next year. He was awarded a scholarship to the Masters teaching program at the University of Chicago.



Chapter Seven

My father found a brother the year I began studying for my Bar Mitzvah. I had thought that he had stopped looking.

My father's insurance agent was going to Israel. My father, in a routine he had done previously, asked the agent to place an advertisement in the personal section of the local papers, which asked if there were any living relatives of Naftali Moshe Szajnberg. Uncle Sender had changed his name to Samuel Burg. I never fully understood why. He explained that he had gone AWOL from the Soviet Army in 1945 in order to emigrate to Israel: he didn't want the Soviet Army to find him. But he also told my father that he had not told his wife that he had had a wife and child in Poland, who were killed by the Nazis. He was Alexander (Sender) Szajnberg. He was older than my father. He had been the soccer player, the one who often lost his good shoes, because he had joined in on games on the way home from school.

Here is how we found out. About seven a.m. on a work day, we received a phone call from Uncle Sender in Israel. We called my father's factory: only the security guard was there, my father having left for work shortly after 6:30. When my father arrived, my mother on the phone, we clustered around, told my father that Sender had called. My father, disbelieving, told her to go back to bed. That evening, he confirmed this.

Here is how Uncle Sender found out. He was shaving. His wife brought the advertisement in the newspaper into the bathroom. Uncle Sender, lathered on one side, shaved on the other, called the insurance agent.

Here is what we learned before Uncle Sender came for my Bar Mitzvah a year later. Sender had joined the Polish Army, then the Underground, then the Soviet Army. He left for Israel over land. He joined the Israeli Army and fought in the War of Independence. He had married, lived with a shrewish mother-in-law and his one



daughter. He had been trained as an upholsterer and became fairly well-off, by upholstering the Israeli Army jeeps and lorries. He asked my father to send him some staple guns, which he could not get in Israel and which helped him work more quickly.

While I wish to tell you more about my preparation for my Bar Mitzvah, I need to skip ahead to my Uncle's arrival in Rochester. This was the first time I saw my father cry. We met them at the airport on the tarmac. There were television cameras. It was night. We went right up to the rolling stair platform. My uncle came down the stairs, illuminated by the cameras' flood lights. I am behind my father. Uncle Sender is slightly taller than my father, but the same squat, broad-shouldered look and Neandrethal forehead, which I now have. His hair is thinning and combed straight back from a widow's peak. They embrace. I do not see my father's face, but see the sobbing in his back. My uncle's face I see briefly before he buries it in my father's right shoulder. He, Sender, slumps. I think that he has died. My father struggles him a short distance to the stairs. People are upset, anxious, there are cries. Someone says that he has fainted and Uncle Sender comes to shortly. I am impressed with how much fainting looks like collapse, like death. I am reminded of my father's description of his younger brother's dying in his arms at night. He had told his younger brother what to do and not to do in the labor camps in order to survive.

They stay at our house, Uncle Sender, his wife, mother-in-law and his daughter. We speak Yiddish with my Uncle; his wife, mother-in-law and daughter do not understand Yiddish. Things do not seem to be going well. My cousin is interested only in getting small, plastic transistor radios, several of them. She thought that we would be travelling all over the United States, but we only go to Niagara Falls. Matters get worse after they leave. My parents explain that this aunt is upset at how much Uncle Sender took to me: she is worried that he will leave some of his will to me as the remaining boy of the family, the only one with my grandfather's name. She does not give Uncle Sender the letters we send to his home. My father mails them to Uncle Sender's



factory. After some months, she learns about this and tells Uncle Sender to stop responding. He does. I feel disappointed that he is so unmanly. He develops a progressive neurological illness, has trouble moving. In 1977, he is bedridden, but alive. I go to Israel with my then-wife. I do not forwarn them, knowing that when my father went several years previously, she had thrown them out of the house. I telephone in Israel, from a phone on the Kibbutz, a phone which consumed Simonim, tokens, faster than I can plunge them in. She answers. She says that if I come to the building, she will call the police to arrest me. I cannot take this scene: I picture myself in the shaded lobby of an apartment building, the terrazo stairs up to the first floor and policemen poised to arrest me. I do not see him before his death. Afterwards, I write to her to ask the diagnosis of his illness, wondering if it is this same as my grandfather's, whether it is hereditary, whether I will get it. She refuses to tell me.

Before my Bar Mitzvah, my Uncle wants to play with me. He asks to play "fussball" and I bring out my ovoid pigskin. He is surprised and puzzled, expecting a soccer ball. He tries to kick the American football as if it were a soccer ball. He is disappointed, as am I.

He brings me a violin, which I have until today.

On the morning of my Bar Mitzvah, I am dressing. I have a new suit, shoes. He sees me putting on my old underclothes. He brings me his new set. He insists that for my Bar Mitzvah I must have entirely new clothes. I am delighted to wear his undershirt, shorts. Somehow, I feel that they fit just fine, although I am still short.

He brings me teffilin, phylacteries, and a prayer shawl with silver embroidery. I still have these. I enjoy the smell of the leather of the teffilin. I like the impression in my arm that the leather strap leaves after I unwind it. I take care that the box of the arm teffillin, in which a parchment with the prayer of the Sh'ma is contained, leans precisely against my heart, the box of the head teffilin, directly above and between my eyes. This is what it says in the Sh'ma. This is where I feel that my Uncle Sender belongs.



Chapter Eight: Orthodox

I ask that you return with me to before my Bar Mitzvah, to my Orthodox period.

When I asked my father why he had sent me to an Orthodox Hebrew school, he told me, later when I was an adolescent, that he wanted me to know what I would be rejecting. I knew that my mother had been a Bundist, that she strongly rejected her father's Orthodoxy, that when she had flaunted her working on Shabat, he had beaten her. This did not stop her. She provoked him: asked him why he did not work on Shabat when his children were hungry.

After the Camps, my father believed that if there were a god, he did nothing. He seemed to have a Jeffersonian view of god.

I learned how to daven, to pray with fervor and with no understanding of the words. The emphasis at the Orthodox temple was on reciting rapidly, without understanding. The prayers sounded like a rumbling mumble. We would joke that Rabbi Hoschander's praying sounded like "moneymoneymoneymoney." I remembered being disappointed when I learned that the Rabbi spent time at the stock brokerage investing money. I thought of his being a Rabbi as a full-time job and a commitment. I thought of the stock market as a capitalist enterprise, people making money that they didn't earn.

I was a good student. I would bike to Hebrew school. Once I was late because I was behind a dog and couldn't pass. The Hebrew teacher told this to the class to tease me. I was embarrassed. It didn't seem plausible as I said it, but I still picture the narrow sidewalk and the broken concrete, the dog in front of me.

Chazan Lottner left, replaced by a younger American-born Chazan who had a thin tenor voice. Because he sang from the center of the auditorium, facing forward, and because they could not use electricity on Shabat, and because he could not be heard by those behind him, they solved the problem with misplaced ingenuity: they built a plexiglass three-sided baffle in front of him to throw his voice back. To no avail: now, he could not be heard in front nor behind.

I asked my first questioning of Orthodoxy to the Chazan, who also taught our class. We were leaving the Temple at the end of an evening of class on a weekday. He was locking up. I asked him to explain how the world could be only some fifty seven hundred years old, when there was fossil evidence for a much earlier period. He gave a prepared answer: God was so clever that he placed fossil evidence from earlier times. I felt as if I were being shut up. I didn't think I knew enough to discuss this with him, yet this didn't sound right.

I became, nevertheless, Orthodox. This was a somewhat benign rebellion against both parents. It meant that my mother had to prepare Kosher meals for me. I had for some years become fussy and particular about food, well before the Kosher era. When I read about Louis Pasteur, as a boy, crumbling his bread and finding insects and organisms within, I proceeded to do the same, crumbling white bread (difficult to do; it lumped rather than crumbled). Crumbling rye bread was easier. I abjured bread with caraway seeds, flicking off these as best I could. I did not eat vegetables that crunched and avoided onions even when cooked: I picked out these inedibles, decorating the edge of my plate, starting at one point and rotating the plate until I reached full circle. I dawdled at dinner, the last one done. Kashrut fit right in with this.

I had also been given braces, a retainer with translucent pink corrugated plastic against the roof of my mouth and a wire band with inverted u's near my canines. Screened at public school, I was sent to an orthodontist up Monroe Avenue in a strip mall in Brighton. I was puzzled that he had a cracked tooth, slightly overlapping front teeth and musty breath. He would tighten the u's on the braces with a three-pronged pliers, the middle prong on one "jaw" of the pliers, interdigitating between the gap on the other jaw. He had said that I would need the braces for three years. This grew into almost five, at the end of which he regretted openly that he hadn't put on permanent braces. No one knew that I would tighten the braces between appointments. I would tell myself that this was in order to hasten the movement of my teeth: in fact, it was to

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induce pain and swelling and occasionally bleeding of my gums, immitating (in my imagination) the shkorbut, the scurvy, that my mother feared I would get from not eating onions, the scurvy that she and others had suffered in the Soviet labor camps.

I found a new set of friends to replace Eddie and Willie and Michael Rosenblum and Spencer. There was an Orthodox day school, Hillel, whose students attended Beth Sholem, where I went to after school religious studies. Meyer Shevin became my closest friend and remained so through high school. He pressed his ears forward and looked like Alfred E. Newman. Joe Traub, who ate sandwiches on Swedish rye cracker bread, having lived in Sweden for his early childhood. It was his parents who spoke Polish rather than Yiddish at home, who had pretenses about Polish nobility that my father ridiculed. Johnny Loike, his cousin, who would recite, "You loike me, I loike you" when the teacher called his name at roll call. Johnny was Joe Traub's cousin. Joe would tease Johnny about his religious narrow-mindedness: He asked Johnny what he thought of the Rambam, and Johnny called him a righteous one. Joe asked him what he thought of Maimonides (the Anglicized name of the Rambam), and Johnny spat and called him an apostate. In high school, Loike ate Hershey sandwiches: white bread, butter and Hershey bars in between: we teased him, but in fact envied his good fortune. There was Hillel Karp, the son of the Conservative Rabbi (and a wonderful scholar of American Jewish history), who rebelled against his father by attending the Orthodox services. Hillel had a magnetism about him. And there was Michael Osband, who attended public school.

Michael and I had been hanging out from before my entrance to Orthodoxy, from the time of our ill-fated introduction in second grade when, calling me stupid, he told me to keep my head down and later, when his sister told him not to answer my greeting, because I called him Osband. He envied me, it seemed. He kept trying to show me how he was smarter than I, which I believed. But he envied my bike, about which I had mixed feelings.

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This is how I got my own boy's bike. Over the years, I really wanted a boy's bike, then a three-speed. I had no sense that this would be too costly.

When my mother was pregnant, my dad made a deal: if it was a boy, I wanted him named Mickey, after Mickey Mantle; if a girl, I would get a bike. I had my heart set on a three-speed, like the other guys had. I can picture the thumb-shifted gear on the right handlebar: it was flat, chromed, with black raised lettering for the gears. The shift lever had a slight curve, as if made for my thumb. I like the clicking sound of the sprocket when you stopped pedalling. I was determined to learn how to use the handbrakes, after years of foot brakes: remember to brake with the rear first; use the front alone, you could pitch head-first over the handlebars.

Dorothy was born, a disappointment: no Mickey, no one with whom to play baseball. When I got the bike, I was doubly disappointed: it was an American, single speed; it was second-hand. One of the ladies at the factory had a son who was institutionalized because something was mentally wrong with him. My father presented this to me somewhat elliptically, but I knew about the multi-storied hospital that stood, surrounded by fields on the way to the University of Rochester. I knew that it was not the same as a reform school. I felt as if this boy's "cooties," as we called it, were on the bike. I felt a sadness from the boy's mother, that she had to sell his bike.

In fact, it was a beauty, to become a classic. It was a Schwinn Black Phantom. It had a center "tank" beneath the cross-bar. It had a flourished script of its name inscribed in black raised letters on a silver background, like my father's belt-buckle. There was a horn in the center tank, with a button on the right side, its center indented. It didn't work. It had a spiral, chrome spring on the front fork that functioned as a shock-absorber. I would sit on the bike, stationary and bounce it, watching the taut spring stretch slightly. And it had a magnificent padded leather seat, like a miniature Harley. Even the tires were white walls, a luxury for cars at that time.

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Osband would brag about his three-speed; he'd race me, usually winning, with a lighter bike, particularly up hills.

Then, one day we biked to Cobb's Hill, a great hang-out for us. I later worked there on the grounds crew after high school. In the winter, the pond was frozen over for ice skating. There would be a patch of water open near the entrance, blocked by saw horses. In the spring and summer, it was for fishing. They anchored tires out in the pond for casting practice. Eddie Steinberg and I once paid a kid twenty-five cents so that we could cast his rod three times. But, when he showed me how to impale wriggling worms on the hook, and showed us how you had to work to get the barbed hook out of the fish's mouth, I had no stomach for it. I still don't get the "sport" of hooking a sharp hook into a fish's mouth.

But this day, Michael convinced me to leave our bikes leaning against one of the hills. We climbed up. He said that we should pretend that the bikes were attacking soldiers and we were to "defend" ourselves by throwing stones at the bikes. I noticed that he aimed only for my bike. I felt uncomfortable, but not until he hit my wonderful saddle, splitting the leather, did I get upset. Michael apologized repeatedly, but I was devastated. The leather could never be repaired, the foam gaping from the wound in the right rear of the seat. It occurred to me then that Michael had coveted my bike.

Michael's father took me under his wing, with I later felt, some animosity towards my father. Osband's father was bald. He owned a seedy, dusty, recording studio crowded with old equipment in various states of repair in an equally dishevelled section near the center city. Michael was proud that his father had a wire recorder that I thought emitted terrible sound. When we were studying for Bar Mitzvah, Osband and the Chazan pressured all of us to buy a recording of our Haftorah, our section to be sung, in order to practice. I knew that this was costly and I felt pride in how well I was learning my portion, my parsha. In fact, I planned to lead the congregation in the prayers after the Haftorah, something which had not been done before. Nevertheless, the Chazan



pressed me as it got closer to my Bar Mitzvah, hinting that I could do better. When I finally got the vinyl pressing and played it, I was appalled: because the Chazan's tenor was too high for us (I still had a prepubertal voice), Osband had lowered it, perhaps by slowing it down, so that a murky pseudo basso came forth, like ducks farting in a muddy pond on a foggy eve. I felt that Osband was simply trying to get some money and that the Chazan got some kick-back.

The Rabbi was in on the money too. He did finally get my name right, stopped calling me Charles a few months before the Bar Mitzvah. But my father told me that the Rabbi called my father and said, that while he would say some good words about me after the Haftorah, for a few dollars more, the Rabbi offered to say something more glowing. My dad responded that I would glow on my own.

When I was twelve, Osband's father invited me to join a boy's choir to sing for Rosh Hashannah and Yom Kippur at the old synagogue on Joseph Avenue. There were very few Jews left in the community; some came in from outlying areas to support the synagogue. We did not get paid, the half dozen boys. I was given one short solo. I sang well, in a prepubertal high tenor. Here was the setting. The woman sat up in a mezzanine in the back, behind a railing. I could see my mother, although not distinctly. Osband (pere) stood at the bimah, the pulpit, which unlike Beth Sholem's was at the front of the synagogue, facing the torah scrolls. The boys, three on each side of the bimah stood on a step, facing each other with an eye on Osband for his cues. But for my solo, I turned to the back of the synagogue, took one step higher on the riser, tilted my head slightly upward, and sang my piece to the mezzanine with the mournful, sobbing tone that characterized much of Yiddish music. I knew what I was doing. I could see the women in the mezzanine, my mother included, crying. There was a moment of quiet when I finished. I knew I had sung beautifully. I was surprised afterwards by Mr. Osband's reaction. We were downstairs in the same basement, eating kuchels, the light, cruncy, air-filled biscuits with arched bottoms and tops crusted



with coarse sugar crystals, in the same basement where I had had my sixth birthday, where I had been upstaged by someone else's son singing. Mr. Osband commented sarcastically on my performance. He was angry I had done so well. My best guess was that he felt his son was upstaged, or perhaps he himself. I felt hurt and disillusioned in him.

I had decided to fast the entire twenty four hours of Yom Kippur, despite that I had never fasted that long before and that I was performing. We were staying at someone's house fairly nearby, although still a walk, so that I would not have to ride in the car to our own home. I recall feeling faint as we walked on an unusually warm autumn day next to a tall row of bay leaf bushes. My parents implored me to eat something, but I was determined to fast and feel the hollow, gnawing feeling inside, look at the white film coating my tongue, the furry texture, the pungent smell of my breath. Among my Orthodox cohort, Traub would challenge the rest of us as to whether we had continued fasting. On Monroe Avenue at the stop light across from the dentist's office, in front of the used car lot (where they featured a three-wheeled Sunbeam that opened from the front), Traub challenged us to show our tongues. He was the arbiter of coated tongue whiteness, then emblem of fasting. His cousin, Loike, seemed in trouble. I thought this whole procedure odd.

I seemed to have been taken under the wings, the tallesim, or prayer shawls of the Orthodox congregation. One family lived on the other side of Monroe between us and the synagogue. The father was a businessman with five children, the oldest my age. I would spend many Saturdays at his house. His father said to me that, as a cigarette smoker, he knew when he was in a Shabbat mood when he did not crave a cigarette after lunch. He would study Talmud with us around the table after lunch. I remember that when Bacon Bits came out (a chip that was artificially bacon flavored), the oldest son, beaming as we played on his side driveway, said that now he could see how



bacon tasted. I asked him, how did he know that this was how bacon tasted. I knew that I was being a bit nasty.

I had been nastier with Michael Osband when I felt that he was too self-righteous. My Uncle had sent us some salami from Israel. I had brought it to show the class at Francis Parker. I met Michael a block before Barrington. He seemed interested in a taste. But he asked me if it were kosher. It wasn't. I told him it was, kosher from Israel. He took a taste. Then I told him that I wasn't sure it was kosher. Michael threw up into bushes.

One of my experiences that I regret I didn't pursue was Shabbat afternoon study, a tutorial on Kabbalah with a young rabbi. He was very poor. He lived in a seedy street in an apartment with his wife off Monroe. We studied at a small table in the kitchen, a table that fit three chairs, smaller than a card table. It was next to the back door, which we left open, the screen door keeping out the flies. It was dark. He spoke quietly, but passionately about mysticism. He taught me how adding the Hebrew letters of biblical words (Hebrew letters are also numbers) revealed mysteries embedded in the words. He taught me the exercise of putting a pin into a letter on one page of the bible, then predicting what letters it pierced on previous pages: this was a measure of erudition. He taught me pilpul. I was twelve and both intrigued and frightened. His wife came in periodically to stir some food. Otherwise, we studied alone together.

But the experience at Beth Sholem was slowly alienating. The men davened with fervor, but they behaved appallingly. Here is what happened to Hillel. On Saturday night, we prayed in a smaller sanctuary. Those of us kids who did not come with our fathers davened in the back on the right. Meyer Shevin's brother, David, davened next to Meyer. Whenever the Rabbi called out a page number to turn to, David would ask sotto voce, "Lamah?", "Why?" As Hillel was walking back to us, after going up front to say a blessing, one of the men said loudly enough for Hillel and the rest of us to hear, that Hillel davened here as opposed to his father's (Conservative) temple because that



place was church, a place for apostates. Then others in the shul including Rabbi Hoschander, began chuckling over this. Hillel reddened and I felt uncomfortable.

I liked the ceremony once monthly after the shabbat when we went outside to pray for the new moon. We would all go outside, look up in the sky to find the sliver of the moon and pray. The Havdalah ceremony at the end of every shabat I liked also. We lit a candle with several wicks intertwined. We prayed, holding our nails up to the candle light. Then, after saying a prayer over the wine, some was spilled into a plate and the candle was snuffed out in the wine. We also were passed a silver box in the shape of a small castle which contained various exotic smelling spices, psamim--cinnamon, nutmeg, allspice.

I recall feeling intimidated by some of what my Hebrew teachers indoctrinated. God could see everything, every sin you performed. I remember cowering with fear in the corner between the refrigerator and wall on a Yom Kippur when I was 11: would God see it if I snuck a small bit of food here.

I asked questions that baffled my teachers. To keep kosher, you need two sets of dishes and silverware throughout the year (on Passover, two more sets: one set for milchik, dairy; one set for fleschig, meat). Some foods could be pareve, neither dairy nor meat, such as fruit, vegetables, and some breads. I asked, if you slice a piece of bread with a fleschig knife, then later with a milchik knife, is that first slice kosher (one side being fleschig, the other milchik)?

I liked the idea that glassware could be used for milchik or fleschig since it did not absorb material. I found intriguing, that you could prepare cookware and silverware for Pesach (if they had been used during the year and were therefore chametz) by burying them for some time. I tried to carry this out, but was dissuaded by my mother on that one. Digging the holes deeply enough would have been a task, the ground thick and claylike. I had once set to, attacking the ground in the backyard, behind the garage, in search of Indian artifacts. I had been told that our neighborhood had been built on a

lake bed where Iroquois had once lived. I dug and found mussel shells that seemed to be lined with silver. I brought these to the retired math professor across the street, who deflated me by trying to explain that if this were silver, it would be too costly to extract.

My digging had other purpose in retrospect: an attempt to find the lost tribe of my family. I spent hours at a time going to the natural history museum on East Avenue, some half hour walk, staring at the dioramas of the Indians, the seven tribes who had lived among the Finger Lakes and in our area. They had been decimated by the invading white colonists. I saw them as the extinct aunts and uncles and grandparents that I missed. It was easier to sort this out when they were "disguised" in leather garments, women's hair plaited, around teepees or long houses, ice fishing, playing with their dogs, than it was to sort out the images of my unseen relatives. I had no photographs, only descriptions and the shadows of my parents' faces.

There was a real shul, a shtibel, that is a "room," diagonally across the street on Dartmouth, next door to the professor's house. It was a regular old house that was maintained and possibly bought through the largesse of an obese businessman whose father had been the rebbe of that congregation. The members of the shul openly berated this man who financed their religiosity: they treated him like a fallen one, an apostate, a shande (a shame) to his father's memory. They would taunt him when he arrived on Shabat about where he had parked his Cadillac, it being a sin to drive to shul on Shabat. They cut him no slack that he would park far down the block so that he would not openly flaunt his driving.

This shul was a paragon of anarchy. Someone "led" the service, but it was like herding cats. One man insisted on adding certain extra prayers, since we did not say enough. There was barely a pretense about singing the same tunes. Generally, the chazan of the day would start a prayer and it was like greyhounds coming out of the racing stocks, mindlessly following their noses, fervor measured in decibels, speed, wheeping contortions of the face and voice, and shuckling, the back-forth swaying from



the waist up. We teased about shuckling. Why does a Jewish boy shuckle? When Jewish boys are born, they are well-balanced stem to stern. After the bris, the circumcision, they are out of balance and need to shuckle to stay balanced.

The shul had the wonderful, musty smell of old, leather-bound books, many with deteriorating spines, reflecting the elderly denizens of the shul. The book shelves bowed under the weight of these tomes, talmud, gemarrah, as if the shelves felt the weight of such wisdom. The shelves stood like old men, hunched over. The shul had several torah scrolls, the hand-written on parchment scrolls of the bible. I liked the ceremony about removing and replacing the scrolls. They stood upright on their handles at the front of the shul in the ark. When you opened the doors, the scrolls were lit by the ner tamid, the eternal light suspended above the ark. This was the light which was the subject of the Hanukkah miracle, when only one day's worth of oil was remaining and this lasted for seven days until a new supply could be brought. We stood and bowed when the ark opened. Sometimes, if we were thought strong enough, we boys were permitted to remove the scroll and carry it in a procession, while others sang (or such as it was in the shul) to the bimah to be read. On the way, those nearest the aisles reached out, tallis (prayer shawl) in hand to touch the scroll and kiss the talit.

The torah was placed on the bimah, its table top tilted perhaps fifteen degrees. First, you had to remove the silver, filagreed crowns mounted on the top of the scroll handles. You had to remove the breastplate, the one which reminded me of the silver breastplate worn by the chief cohen, priest, in the Temple of Jerusalem. The latter had various precious colored stones mounted in it. If you asked the breastplate a question, the stones lit up with an answer. And you had to remove the yad, the pointer which hung by a silver chain from one of the handles. The torah was unrolled to the portion of the week. You were not to touch the parchment with your skin: if called up for a blessing, an aliyah, you touched your talit to the word where the reader will next start,

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then kiss your talit. At the end of the portion, the parsha, you touch to the last word, and kiss. If you were the reader, you followed what you were reading with the pointer, often its tip made into the figure of a diminutive hand, forefinger pointing.

I have a rich warmth as I describe this, imagining my grandfather singing Kol Nidre so sweetly that the Poles gathered outside the windows to hear him.

I liked the kiddush served in the back of the house, the front of the shul. I would be famished for the kuchele, the airy bisquits crusted with crystals of sugar. My major achievement was to eat gefilte fish, the diminutive loaves of ground whitefish and pike that I would smother with red horseradish, the red color from beet juice, one of the few vegetables I liked, because of its sweetness and earthy flavor. This was the only way I could tolerate the fish, if it were unrecognizable in sight or taste. I still couldn't stand the smell of fish just as I had to stand outside the fish market on Joseph Avenue. To confess, once I had mastered this, on Sundays, I used to sneak into the back door of the shul, it had a lock at eye level, the kind of lock that had a knob on the other side; if you turned the knob counterclockwise, the lock stayed open. I filled up with kuchele and tried some gefilte fish and soda. This was surreptitious, both my sneaking in and my eating fish.

I would daven on the far right near the front window, but the rear of the shul, next to the old tomes. This episode left me with a sense of the hypocrisy of the Orthodox men. I was davening the shemonah esray, the eighteen prayers said in soto voce with feet together until the last few phrases, when you take a few short shuffles backwards, bow to the right, left and forward, then three shuffles forwards. I had my hands clasped in front of me, as I devoutly shuckled and prayed. The old man standing near me began making critical grunts and a face of disgust towards me (remember, that you cannot speak during this prayer). He motioned with his hand towards my hands. I finally got it. I had my hands clasped over my groin--- he thought that sacrilege and wanted me to move my hands from my groin. I did, embarrassed. Afterwards, when he could talk, he



drove home the point. He was the very same man, who during the shemonah esray on a later occasion, hocked-up some sputum, expectorated onto the floor at the foot of the bookshelves, then scuffed his sputum with his shoe to erase the evidence. So much for sacrilege, I thought.

But the final act of hypocrisy (capping the nastiness of the orthodox men towards Hillel) involved my friends Loike and Traub. The old men had morning services at the shul during the week. They were often short of a minyan, the ten men necessary for a congregation and to say the prayers honoring the dead, "Yisgadal, v'yiskadash, shemei rabah..." Sometimes, they would come to my bedroom window at the side of our house and knock loudly for me to join them at 6:30. I was too tired to do so and felt badly. But Traub and Loike began to join them regularly. I felt guiltier until I learned that they were getting five bucks each weekly to daven there. I thought it hypocritical of both Loike/Traub (who had been parading around their piety) and the old men to pay for a minyan. We boys had been going to this shul instead of Beth Sholem, because it was more religious. By now, I had enough of both places. In both places, their disdain for my father became palpable.

Finally, there was the confrontation in our kitchen between the Lubavitcher rebbe and my father. It was about whether I should go to public high school or to Toronto to live at the Lubavitcher Yeshiva. Here is what happened. I didn't know this rebbe well. He did not have a shul; I think he was a fish monger or something. He was imposing: probably six feet with a fiery red flowing beard and booming basso. He stood framed in the doorway of the kitchen, never entering, never invited in. My father, all five foot two was standing between the table and the counter. Between them, off to the side was the trash can where my father had sat and told Ester and I about the Camps. I stood slightly behind my father. I think that I had felt uncomfortable, prior to this battle, to tell the rebbe and others at Beth Sholem that I really did not want to go to Yeshiva. I was uncomfortable disagreeing flat out with an adult.



They met on the battlefield of Yiddish. The rebbe thundered, arm upraised, that it was no trick to have children; it was an art to raise them well: to do so, my father should send me to Yeshiva. My father asked, voice not raised, what if I went to Yeshiva; what if I wanted to go on to college, have a profession. The rebbe responded incredulously: I would be studying torah, gemarrah, mishnah for a life-time. Why do I need to go to college? As for a profession, the rebbe said that I could become a shochet, or sell fish. I was secretly cheering for my father throughout this, not brave enough to voice this to the rebbe. I was not interested in spending my life slitting cows' throats, nor mongering in a fish market. I can still picture the rebbe, red-bearded, arm raised and my father, black hair slicked back, saying that I should have time to make up my own mind. He won, thank goodness, if not God.

Chapter Nine: High School

Now, I find it more difficult to give a narrative with a single thread, without looping back and forwards, such as about my Uncle Sender, my Bar Mitzvah, my Orthodox



period. It feels more like several threads, woven together. I ask that, in order to give a sense of this fabric, you bear with me as we follow the patterns of various threads.

We started high school in eighth grade. My walk to school was somewhat longer, perhaps half an hour, but it was directly down Monroe Avenue, so there were more kids I would likely meet. I was quite pre-pubertal. I was quite unprepared for the anomie, the physical intimidation (the upper class guys were bigger), the rumbling chaos as we switched classes. It made more sense to me that the teachers should move from classroom to classroom: less bodies in the hallway. Everything seemed rushed: barely time enough to get to the cafeteria, eat (and for most, to buy their meals) and back to class. I also felt the selectivity of the peers. Part of the pressure in the cafeteria is wondering who would sit with me, or whom I could sit next to. Since I was with my Orthodox cohort, I felt obligated to sit with them, although I silently wished to break from them, and feared that if I did, I would lose them and not be accepted by the non-Jewish kids. But I also wanted to be able to stand in line with the non-Jewish kids, at least the non-kosher kids got to try sticky buns, a heavenly-looking food. Hillel would buy his milk in line: he told us that he could only buy chocolate milk, his mother instructed him, if he felt tired. I would have gladly felt tired every day for that. I also thought that his mother was a bit of a fuss to tell him that, yet that she trusted him sufficiently to do what she asked. I liked her: Jewish, but not full of tears, or of chronic mourning, or a chronic embattlement with her relatives, as my mother was.

I recalled the boy's and girl's bathrooms: I thought to myself, what if the written signs were replaced with the zodiac symbols for man and woman. This reflected my anxious entry into the buzzing corridors of sexuality and the temptations of non-Jewish girls.

We had strange, shared ideas about sex. We would try to guess when each girl was having her period. For some, like Sharon, pretty, sexy, and who wore nylons, we wagered that she must be having her period when she wore bobby socks instead of nylons. We wondered whether a cloud of flies would be hovering behind her as she

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walked down the hall while having her period. Sharon once wore a dress that zipped up the front, a large, YKK zipper at her neck: we fantasized getting close enough to give one big yank.

I was worried I wouldn't do well enough. I had been placed in the honors track; unlike others, we stayed in the same classes with the same kids throughout high school.

At some level, I didn't quite "get" high school. At a less conscious level, I felt driven to get good grades. I didn't quite know what for. I felt at the "bottom" of my honors class. I had a visual image of this: I am hanging by my finger tips or nails onto the heels of my classmates above me. If I picture it, it is usually Joe Traub. I am hanging by the welt above the rubber heels. I can almost feel the palpable stitching on the welts.

My first introduction to a quiet, adult anti-Semitism came at the hands of my eighth grade social studies teacher. I did not know that her cool disdain of me was anti-Semitic until my senior year. All that I was aware of was that I could do nothing right by her, yet she spoke so softly, smiled so sweetly, and her daughter was in my class and was cute. Her husband was a professor in the Divinity School: this led me further to believe that I must be doing something wrong (rather than being someone wrong), since I was of the persuasion (from my parents) that professors and their sort were rafiniert, refined, not coarse, and not likely to be bigotted. But my entire year, this teacher called on me reluctantly, pointedly refusing to call on me even when I was the only one with my hand raised.

We had a school project, to select a country, learn its history, geography and economics, and make a three-dimensional, painted model. I chose Italy. I could do everything but the model: I froze, I blocked. When I finally completed it, she put on that proper smile, the kind which uses only the muscles around the lips, not the upper face, the insincere kind, and with a tone of almost vanquishment, said that it was so late, despite it being very well done, she could only give me an "F." I ended the year with a

"C" in her class, the first I had ever received. Despite Mr. Haller's warning, I was upset and worried about it. When I told her (she was also my advisor and later tried to sabotage my college application) that I would attend summer school to raise my grade, she was taken aback. I was not aware that one attended summer school to raise a failing grade, that most of my fellow students would be kids who were in the work-study program. She tried to dissuade me. But I took her grade seriously and proceeded.

Here were my tipoffs to her anti-Semitism from what she did in late junior year. About half of the honors class was Jewish (in an urban high school that was not predominately Jewish). She was our counselor. We noticed, as we compared notes, that she was encouraging the Jewish kids to apply to Brandeis, NY "Jew", Columbia, and if you had little money, to SUNY Binghamton (then called Harper College). The non-Jews she encouraged to apply to Yale, Wesleyan, Brown, Harvard. She tipped her hand though, with Ric Inferinato. Ric was a character, a favorite of mine. He was always meticulously groomed, not a hair out of place. When I went to visit him at home, his mother said that he was working on the '57 Chevy in the garage. He was underneath the car, on a rolling dolly. When he heard me, he rolled out, wearing an ecru sweatshirt, and not a smudge of grease on his clothes. He was handsome. His dad was an attorney and a champion of the Rochester Red Wings, a farm team for the Orioles. Ric was bright. He took Latin while the rest of us took French or German (and, at that time, the less bright took Spanish). When the French students taunted him about taking Latin, he challenged them. He agreed to do their French homework if they did his Latin. He did so well, some wanted to hire him for future homework. He was an excellent artist and draftsman. Yet, when we were all asked to draw a person in a somewhat surreptitious test of our psychological status by a visitor, Ric made a highly detailed, dapperly attired fellow, with details down to his fingernails--but, no head.

Anyhow, Ric would stay home from school on Jewish holidays. When our counselor asked him why he did this, encouraging him to attend those sparsely populated days,

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Ric responded drily, that he would not attend out of respect for his fellow Jewish students. Then, he pulled a great one: suspecting the counselor's anti-Semitism (and aware that she liked him enough that she tried to fix up her daughter with him for the Prom), he applied to only one school, Brandeis. She called him in. As Ric tells it, she lost her composure, seemed alarmed. Why did he want to go to Brandeis? Because it was a fine school. Besides, a lot of his friends were going to attend. Finally, she blurted that most of the students who attended were not like him, not of his "persuasion." Ric had the goods on her, told us about it. He ended up at his father's alma mater, Brown, taking off a year to work on Formula Two race cars, and to learn how to race huskies in Alaska.

As for my application, to be brief, my counselor compiled a synthesis for our letters of recommendation. She agreed to send mine to Brandeis, Harper College and the University of Rochester. She said that I wasn't bright enough for the University of Chicago, and refused to send a letter. I purposely applied to late for Brandeis, pilfered the letter for Brandeis and sent it to U.C., which accepted me and which I attended.

Chapter Ten : Adopting Families

Much of how I managed as well as I did since fourth grade and certainly through high school had to do with adopting myself out to families. On a very personal level, I became or developed a sense of an emotional refugee seeking a new home, rather than homeland: my parents (and HIAS) brought me to this new homeland; I had to find an emotional home as a refuge from the traurig, veil of tears then my mother drew down over our home.

Eddie Steinberg, Willie Wilferth and our life in the streets; Michael Rosenbloom and especially the Southern Waspish Turnipseeds permitted me a lightheartedness of spirit,

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the implications of the findings. It suggests that the results have significant implications for the field of study and may lead to further research in this area.

5. The fifth part of the document concludes the study. It summarizes the main findings and provides a final statement on the importance of the research.

6. The sixth part of the document provides a detailed description of the experimental setup. It includes a list of the equipment used and a description of the procedures followed during the experiment.

7. The seventh part of the document discusses the limitations of the study. It acknowledges that there are certain factors that may have influenced the results and that further research is needed to confirm the findings.

8. The eighth part of the document provides a list of references. It includes a list of the books, articles, and other sources used in the study.

9. The ninth part of the document provides a list of appendices. It includes a list of the additional information that is provided in the document.

10. The tenth part of the document provides a list of figures. It includes a list of the graphs and tables that are included in the document.

or in Willie's case, a Huck Finnish way of managing his dismal, poverty-ridden and emotionally dark habitat.

Meyer Shevin and his family, and to lesser extents Eddie Salzburg's and Hillel Karp's and Billy Ouzer's families offered me refuge. (Billy's father, upon hearing us return raucously from a concert, asked us kiddingly, "How was Smirnoff's Fifth?")

To help you understand my managing adolescence, I wish to introduce you to Meyer, the one who looked like Alfred E. Newman, much to his dismay; he even had freckles. He was extraordinarily bright: when we were both failing trigonometry, Meyer sat behind me asking sotto voce, how one would put one's finger into one's nose, topographically speaking; then he scored 800's on both his math and English PSATs! His father, a failed journalist who had attended Rutgers, was a minimally successful realtor who could complete the double Crosstix in the Saturday Review. I didn't fully realize that he was hen-pecked and felt a failure at his chosen profession. When he was in the Army during the Second World War, and they asked for volunteers who knew about newspapers, he raised his hand and was assigned to sweep the journalists' offices. There was a slight sad-sack, or schlemiel quality about Mr. Shevin. But I admired and liked him a lot. He was very bright; he wrote sonnets as an exercise. He smoked a pipe, had a comfortable basso and dry sense of humor.

Mrs. Shevin was a social worker (this seemed to be a Jewish ailment---so many Jewish women were social workers). I didn't quite get what she did, except to work downtown. But I did get that without her paycheck, she made it clear, they would not be able to manage. Mr. Shevin, I gathered was falling short in her eyes, although she seemed to savor her fiscally necessary stance.

Meyer, to my surprise (and his brother David, but not the youngest, Jonathan) had chores. Serious ones: he was to get the supper into the oven when he returned from school; clean certain rooms and such. I did nothing of the sort. I reluctantly carried the garbage from the chrome-domed pedal can in the kitchen, to the cans by the garage.

Inevitably, the brown shopping bags which we used to line the kitchen can, would be soaked through, dripping, threatening to rupture and disgorge its innards en route to the outside can. Then, the outside cans, galvanized and vertically fluted, had lids which were beaten out of shape from being cast aside by the garbage men: juggling garbage in one arm (often school books in the other), I tried to pry off the lid, without dropping the bags. In my effort at efficiency, I was reluctant to put down the bag to remove the lids.

Mrs. Shevin was surprised and disapproving to learn that I did no chores.

David was odd, but sweet. He was the one who mumbled "Why" ("Lamah?") whenever the rabbi called to turn a page. Later, he would make fun of himself, saying that he protected himself at our high school, by taking a Bruce Lee stance and announcing that he knew "Karayt."

Jonathan was seven, curly red-haired and sweet.

Meyer introduced me to the Fugs with Tuli Kupferberg, whom I continued to think of as the forerunners of Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention, who, I think, recorded "Suzy Creamcheese." I borrowed the Fugs record, and lay down in front of our stereo (which I helped buy, a Telefunken with a mirror-like, laquer finish), with my ear almost to the woven fabric of the speakers to hear the verses that I didn't want my parents to hear: "Do you like boobs alot? (Yes, Like boobs alot)", the raunchy, rough tune to which they set Romantic poems ("Ah, sunflower, weary of time, who countest the steps of the sun"), their version of the mournful Yiddish song, "Montag, Bulbes, Dienstag, Bulbes, Mittwoch und Donnerstag Bulbes, Freitag, Bulbes, Shabbas, a Bulbe Kugelleh" (Monday, potatoes, Tuesday, potatoes....Sabbath, a potatoe Kugelleh), the latter a plaint of poverty that reminded me of my mother's stories about her families impoverished existence and her mother's embarrassment when there was not food---she would keep a pot of water boiling, as if she were cooking, so that the neighbors wouldn't know they were out of food.

Meyer convinced his parents to move his bedroom into the basement, turning a storage/canning room into a haven. There was a surreptitious quality to gathering there. He smoked pot there (I suspect not as often as he would have liked us to think) and burned Patchouli to "disguise" the smell. Mr. Shevin knew, referring to the smell of burning dung, but not brow-beating Meyer. He read the radical rags, including the one that ran the "faction" article about how Lyndon Johnson was seen ejaculating into John Kennedy's head wound on the Air Force One flight back to Washington: Meyer liked this playing with journalism; I was impatient and disapproving of posing fictional accounts (of what one might want to believe) in the guise of truth. Meyer took me folk dancing at the University of Rochester, no small feat, as we had no car usually and faced an hour walk each way (and it wasn't cool to bike there). They danced in the outside quadrangle surrounded by neo-classical buildings. We could hold hands with girls in circle dances, a treat for someone as shy as I. I quickly learned who were the "wolves," generally eternal grad students (or drop-outs) who "circled" the undergrad chicks or later, my high school sweet-heart (who married one of these wolves, some ten years her senior, skipped college, moved to New Zealand, and returned divorced and worn out some years later.) I was impressed at how successful Meyer was with some of the girls, given that he was a dead-ringer for a Mad magazine front cover. They liked his intellect, his poetry---unfortunately for him--he really would have preferred that they like his body also.

Meyer was also a Habonudnik, a member of Habonim (the builders), a Labor Zionist organization. Our handbook, Aleh U'vneh (Arise and Build) was filled with thoughtful essays on the importance of working the land, by people like Ahad Ha'am, and, ironically, an essay by Danny Ginsburg, the Zionist slain on Iwo Jima, whose surviving brother, Benson (son of Zion), later became my father-in-law.

The Shevins became my major adoptive family. Meyer was very dear to me, someone I tried to emulate and whose abilities I could never match (just as I could

never imagine matching my father's experience as a Katzetnik, a concentration camper): when he wrote poetry, I tried also; when I wrote, he corrected; when he planned to go the University of Chicago (which he chose not to attend at the last moment), I applied. I did not find it easy to share his friendship with others, even when they were also friends of mine, such as Billy Ouzer.

Billy I couldn't quite get. I thought he was as sharp as the rest of us, but he wasn't in the honors program. We later were in the same advanced placement history class (I was struck that modern history stopped before Hitler), Billy knew more than the rest of us. He was the master of repartee; he could immitate teacher's accents, putting a comic edge on his mimesis: he converted the history teacher's laugh into a duck cackle. He knew how to box professionally, I learned with surprise when he put up his dukes and on Monroe Avenue and shot me a punch to the chin. I asked him how he could be so quick with the tongue, so rapid with repartee. He said that he took every act or comment as a personal criticism. I felt sadness for him.

Billy was an extraordinary debater. (He became an attorney.) He taught me an object lesson on how he did this. I found it difficult to debate a side in which I did not believe. Billy took my need to believe in what I debated as naive: he could carry intellectual relativism to its extreme. One should be wedded to a belief in winning, not to a belief in ideas. A second lesson he tried to teach me was the utter uselessness of preparation. One evening, as a gang of us were gathered in his living room, I told him my quanadry: for the debate team, I was to support a side I didn't agree with, and I had not had time (nor interest) to study the background of the topic. Billy took this as a challenge. He asked for the topic, asked someone to put a recording of Malagena, and while flamenco prancing and gesticulating in the center of the living room, proceeded to give an eloquent argument, virtually devoid of substance.

When the Pawnbroker premiered, Mr. Shevin took Meyer and me to see it. I did not understand what I was getting into. We did not talk about it afterwards. I did not tell my

parents about it. I was left with compelling visual images that remain until today. Rod Steiger, the Pawnbroker, became for me one of the most powerful actors I had ever seen. I picture, in slow motion, the Pawnbroker impaling his palm upon the nail that held receipts on his counter, impaling it slowly while there were flashbacks to Concentration Camp scenes, such as his wife being taken to serve the sexual needs of the SS, while he looked on; his gaunt Katzetnik self, wearing rimless glasses, one lens cracked.

I can picture the cuts between the Pawnbroker making a soft, quiet love with his woman friend on Long Island, to the young, lively Puerto Rican assistant making love (but it should be called something else, given its powerful, robust excitement) with his girlfriend, a prostitute who tears off her red wig as they leap to her bed.

I can picture the Pawnbroker, reluctantly teaching his assistant how to test for whether something was truly gold by scratching some shavings and saving these (like a skneh, a miser who can find value only in the scrapings from others' lives).

I felt the relationship that evolved (evolved, rather than developed) between the Puerto Rican assistant, who at first spoke enviously of the Jew, then saw something of what haunted the Pawnbroker, and the Pawnbroker, who first did not want an assistant, then permitted him to do menial work, then reluctantly taught him the trade secrets.

Finally, I picture in freeze frame, the Puerto Rican assistant throwing himself in front of the Pawnbroker, being shot to death in the robbery--a Pieta with angst, something perhaps Edvard Munch might have created-- and, to my mind's eye, the look of sad recognition in the Pawnbroker's face, recognition of what the Puerto Rican meant to him but recognizing it too late.

While I spoke with noone about the film, I took to heart this Pawnbroker. His "profession" that this intellectual took in order to make some life in the States, a storefront in a seedy neighborhood, a shadow perhaps of the Camp in which he had once lived. His steely, cold, apparent hard-heartedness and palpable disdain of others

came from his bitter experience. I used the film to help explain some aspects of my father.

Eddie Salzburg's family was my secondary adoptive home. They lived in a large, airy corner house near Highland Park, which was full of lilac bushes, and at the beginning of the season, had a garden of variously colored pansies clustered in color patterns. The pansies were a riot of colors from afar, but up close, the repeated pattern of two petals sitting upon three overlapping. (The French use this to allude to Cinderella---she and the Prince going to heaven and the mother and two stepsisters, to hell.) Eddie's house was of neurosis, but one that I could stand. His mother, brassy, prominently chinned, big bosomed, narrow hipped was entertaining and opinionated. An early civil rights advocate, she foresaw before Stokely Carmichael that the Black movement would soon not have room for well-meaning, liberal Jews. She felt that she had done her job and needed to bow out before getting booted out. She was not surprised when Theo Bikel resigned from SNCC. Eddie's father, who spoke a coarse, Brooklyn Yiddish, was in Yiddish, a proste mensch, a coarse, peasant-like fellow, who, with his B.A. in chemistry from CUNY was a senior researcher at Kodak. He was big, large bellied, laconic, spitting out words from the right corner of his mouth. He loved working with his hands: their component stereo system was elaborate and seemed always to be evolving; rather than running the wires across a room to the speakers, he ferretted them through the floor, under the hardwood floorboards, emerging through hidden holes elsewhere across the living room. He later built his summer house on one of the Finger Lakes, by himself. He was annoyed that he had to hire a backhoe to dig the foundation and the swimming pool. He delighted to announce that the pool heater shed looked like an outhouse, because in the army, that was all they taught him to build. I still picture him, standing in his pool, his sag-belly floating as if a separate object on the water's surface, his arm extended, Genesee beer bottle in hand, pointing out his outhouse shed.

Eddie told me that his paternal grandfather owned a body shop in Brooklyn, back in the days when doing body work meant wielding a hammer and mallet. His grandfather was shot and murdered in a robbery when he tried to resist, hammer in hand. Eddie seemed proud of this. Eddie was brilliant, some unmeasurable I.Q. He went to M.I.T. to get the BA and PhD. in physics that his father wished he had gotten. When Eddie flunked out within a year, this was no mean feat for someone that bright, and a major rebellion against his father. During that year, he worked on biplanes, and replaced a VW's motor with a Porsche's: he and his friends would drive up to red lights, then challenge Mustangs or Corvettes to drag against their ostensible "bug," (or so he said). After a few years wandering in the wilderness (of his mind and of Alaska, working as a postman), he got a BA in oenology (a rebellious form of chemistry), swept wine cellars in Napa, then mixed thousands of gallons of rot gut in a Finger Lakes Winery. He said that the denizens of Wild Irish Rose were demanding: if the color or taste was off, they didn't write letters, they simply left fewer hip flasks along the Bowery. Then he made aliyah to Israel, where he remains. Ironically, Eddie was the least Zionist of all of us Habonudniks.

Eddie memorized extraordinary details: facts from American Heritage; the Marseilles; the "Charge of the Light Brigade." When in tenth grade, we were asked to recite a poem or narrative to the class, Eddie, expecting yawning bored responses, stood before us, unfolded a Playboy magazine from his back pocket, then recited the "Charge of the Light Brigade." We paid attention, the guys breathlessly waiting for the centerfold. By senior year, he seemed to be spending much of his time smoking dope, or at least acting that way: I recall walking him to the next class, peeling his face from the hallway wall on one occasion.

My mother came through for Eddie (and me) in a way that surprised me. It started with our tenth grade English teacher, a dapperly dressed fellow-- tweed jacket with elbow patches and navy or charcoal slacks--, who had a dry, bordering on sarcastic

sense of humor. My sense was that he resented teaching high school, and had pretenses about being a professor. One of his more memorable assignments, to be done in class, was to write a brief essay devoid of anything interesting. He kept sending us back to our desks until we had squeezed out any remotely juicy passages.

He also hinted at anti-Semitism. (And here I become sensitive that I not become like Woody Allen's alter-ego in Manhattan, who heard anti-Semitism any time someone said "Dju hear about dis?") Barbara Streisand was just then becoming popular. My teacher, whom we knew enjoyed listening to singing, remarked after hearing her on something like the Ed Sullivan Show, that he was amazed that anyone with such a long nose could sing so beautifully.

But, it irked me most, that he called Eddie, "Edwierd," drawing out the second syllable. Eddie was wounded by this: most of the class was uncomfortable about this. I told my mother what was happening; she asked whether Eddie's mom was doing anything. When I said that I didn't think so, she volunteered to speak to the teacher. It was quite a showdown, even visually. My mother, well-coiffed, but squat, in accented English facing down my English teacher, dressed in his elbow-padded tweed, and penny loafers. Whatever she said (I couldn't hear the details, only the tone), he never called Eddie "Edwierd" again.

Irving Binik, or "Binki," was a year ahead of me and a bit of an enigma. He was tall, lanky, beak-nosed, thinning hair. He had a wonderful smile, was a dear person. Even the non-Jewish girls liked him (that's what I didn't understand, although, in retrospect, none liked him enough to go out with him). He was Orthodox, but not obnoxiously so like Traub, Loike and Osband. He was a Greener, but not oppressively so. He contributed to my intellectual life by getting me to attend his Hebrew High School (at the Conservative Synagogue where Hillel's father was Rabbi). How this happened requires a detour through a secular Jewish school. Binki loved learning. I was attending the communal Hebrew High School in the city's center, near Osband's seedy

store. The students mostly didn't want to attend, although the teachers were some of the best I had, including my secular High School. We attended on Sundays. The classrooms were barren, sterile. When teachers stepped out, a few students sailed paper airplanes onto the street below. During breaks, we often went to watch the men play in the handball courts, but they usually played raquet ball. We could stand on a kind of mezzanine which opened into the courts. We could smell the mixture of perspiration and rubber. I wondered who these men were who could spend their time smacking around a ball on a Sunday. Occasionally, we stayed after school and used the pool. I would venture into the schwitz, the Turkish bath, a very small room with a radiator and a cluster of naked, usually corpulent men who sat languidly, saying little to each other, except to extol the virtues of the schwitz for ridding them of toxins. Some insisted that drinking some schnapps during the schwitz helped the poisons get out better. They didn't seem comfortable, nor happy, nor did their bodies looked as if they benefitted from this ordeal, except to get pinkish on their faces and the tops of their bellies.

I had two exceptional teachers. One was a math teacher during the year in the public high schools. He taught us Chumash, bible. He enjoyed reading the bible in Hebrew when he road on the bus, correcting errors in whatever edition he held. He told us how he passed his essay exam in his yeshiva high school: he memorized a short story in Hebrew, not knowing what the essay question would be. The question: write a story about what you saw on a stroll. He started out with taking a stroll, finding a book of short stories in Hebrew, then lit into writing down the memorized story. I felt as if this teacher could let us in on these mild delinquencies, these trade secrets. He also impressed me when he told us that he would not teach trigonometry the coming year, because an inordinate number of his students had done poorly on the final: he felt that if so many did poorly, then his teaching was at fault and he should take time off from that course to rethink his teaching. I was impressed that a teacher (whom I expected

would know everything about his or her subject-- I possessed an almost Papal-belief in infallability) would admit that perhaps something was wrong with his teaching and that he would spend time thinking about it. He was as short as my father. I liked him.

My other teacher was a woman who taught prophets. She simply liked to teach us. She was impressed when she learned that I was attending the University of Chicago. She told us that a difference between Aristotle and the Biblical and post-Biblical Jewish intellectuals, was that Aristotle questioned everything, including the nature of god. Classical Jewish intellectuals did not raise that question. (And there were numerous laws that could not be questioned. Of the 613 commandments, some could be explained, as the Talmud tried to do, others were chukim, laws which should not even be explained, but accepted. This I found difficult to swallow.)

The other activity at this secular Jewish High School, an activity that took place between classes, was hazing for fraternities and sororities, Jewish ones. I did not get the cachet of this, although I did try out for one, but never finished the silliness of the hazing. I gathered that it had something to do with meeting girls. I recall one such hazing episode. One boy and one girl who were trying out for their respective fraternity and sorority, were encircled by others in the hallway of Sunday School (so that adults could not see). The boy and girl were then instructed to exchange "pants." The clever ones figured out that they could "pant" at each other; the hapless ones stood facing each other, and blushing. No one stripped.

One of the more entertaining tricks was taught to me by Bernie Zysman, an ugly, sharp featured, heavy-bottomed, waddling Greener, who did not seem to know or at least care that he was ugly as sin and not very good company. He liked himself. His parents were unappealing sknehs, skinflints: Bernie told me that his mother always bought the dorky-looking white tube socks, because they were guaranteed for a year. At the end of the year, she sent them to the company for replacements. She also encouraged Bernie and his equally ugly brother to pilfer from the UNICEF boxes that

they carried with them on Halloween. Anyhow, for his fraternity, Bernie had to carry a supply of gum, should any upper classman ask for gum. Bernie got a box of Chiclets, emptied the box and refilled it with Feenamints, a chewable Chiclet-looking laxative. Seems that noone ever figured this out: he got into the fraternity.

I wasn't enjoying Hebrew School. While I had two memorable teachers, my peers were resentful about attending, over-hormoned and torn between latency-age flying of paper airplanes out the fourth floor windows, and early adolescent frat pranks. I was impressed that some of my Orthodox friends were enthusiastic about attending the Conservative Hebrew High School. (There was no Orthodox Hebrew High School in Rochester, as you may have gathered from the red-bearded Lubavitcher's abortive attempt to have me shipped to Toronto.) While many of them had attended the Hillel Hebrew Day School, which was Orthodox, and would never deign attend the goyishe services at the Conservative Temple, they spoke excitedly about their classes.

(To give you some idea of how Orthodox the Hillel School was, Meyer told me that they would have surprise tzitzis checks. Tzitzis are the fringed undergarments worn by Orthodox boys and men with fringes at the four corners. These were to be worn at all times. Very Orthodox have these fringes hanging out of their shirts. Others keep them tucked in. One of the more appealing rituals involved these tzitzis. At one of the prayers, you are to gather the four fringes and pray that some day the Jews of the world would be gathered together, then kiss the tzitzis. As an immigrant, who felt little rootedness, with a yearning to be an American kid, yet a desire to be in Israel, and an adverse connection to both my country of birth and my parents' birthplaces, this ritual appealed to me. Anyhow, Meyer said that at unannounced tzitzis checks, the boys would be told to line up against the classroom wall, then whip out their tzitzis (unless they were already showing). For me, the line-up and inspection smacked too much of fascism. For Meyer (and myself and some of the other guys) the image of "whipping them out" carried a degree of sexual comedy: you could compare your tzitzis.)

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I quit the Hebrew High school. After a few weeks into the autumn, Binki convinced me to stop scorching around, to join them at Beth El. I did not realize that it was quite costly to belong to such Temples. (My father had said after my Bar Mitzvah, he continued to belong to Beth Sholem only so that he could get a burial plot.) My father had to go to apply for a reduced fee both for membership and tuition. (Had I known that at the time, I likely would not have asked to go there, knowing my father's sense of pride.)

Beth El was a wonderful school and a face-saving way for me to back-out of the Orthodoxy that I now found wearing. I had lost a lot by attending Beth Sholem. Beth El had an accelerated group for those who were fluent in Hebrew. For instance, Meyer was in this group. His graduation project was to select and translate a story by S.Y. Agnon that had not been translated into English. This became one of Meyer's first published pieces.

But the classes that I had were intellectually delightful: studying Prophets using the junior rabbi's notes from his courses at the Jewish Theological Seminary; studying the New Testament as a military document (that was consistent with the interpretation of Moshiach, Messiah, as a military leader, or the translation from Isaiah of the Hebrew word, which was generally translated as "virgin," instead being the technical term for a woman who had not yet born a child); Yiddish literature as a mimesis of the social milieu; or sorting through and cataloguing Rabbi Karp's newest discoveries of old Judaica books.

There was also the "informal" curriculum, such as skipping a class in order to attend services at the Unitarian Church across the street. Unitarianism was appealing for an adolescent attracted to non-Jewish as well as Jewish girls: if we all belonged to the same "church," problems were vitiated. The outside of the Church was poured concrete with rods placed at geometric patterns; we imagined it to be a nuclear reactor. But I was put-off by the pastor's entrance: he had a wonderful smile (like Bishop

Sheehan's , then of TV popularity) but entered with a certain grandeur, wearing a cape that was multi-colored, stripes of blue and white inside, flowing back from his shoulders, a kind-off religious Superman. Anyhow, moving from Orthodox to Conservatism was a big enough step at the time.

Of course, it was the teachers and my fellow pupils that enlivened the course titles. For the cataloging course, Rabbi Karp had us over to his house at the end of the school day. On one long table, covered in a white tablecloth, was scattered books: Yiddish, Hebrew, German, Russian, Polish. All had something to do with American Judaism (if only that some were published in the States). Our task to perform collaboratively, was to catalogue them. Occasionally, a German book had some Hebrew on the flyleaf. Like a Rosetta stone, we pieced together the puzzles of where these hybrids, these mongrels of Judaism had come from and what they might be about. My Yiddish and perfunctory German came in helpful, as did Meyer's Hebrew, French. The Slavic and Russian titles were a challenge. My Polish was nil: my parents spoke it only to discuss private matters, or my mother swore in Polish. (I learned the latter well, but not their meaning. I once asked a Polish cook at a restaurant what "Yop foya maatch" meant. We were riding in the back seat of a car, home from work. It was fortunate that two people were sitting between us. Only after this episode, did I learn that this curse referred to an unnatural act between son and mother.) On another table was a repast. We ate first, cleaned our hands and went to collaborative work.

My course on Yiddish literature we memorable both for its content and the teacher. Years later, I met him, now a pediatric cardiologist who was diagnosing my youngest daughter's heart murmur, and learned that he had taught the course for but one year, thinking that we had not enjoyed it. In fact, we were enthralled. (And I realized how important it was to let my teachers know when they had moved me.) Dr. Chamaides was tall, had an Oxfordian accdept and basso voice. He spoke slowly, methodically. When He read in Yiddish or Hebrew, syllables came out as if sung slowly. No sound

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seemed unworthy, nor lost. He was tall and had a warm smile. We know this about him. From Poland, as a child, he was sent to live with nuns during the War. His father was the Rabbi in a small city. They lived in an apartment overlooking the central square. Afterwards, the nuns, telling him that he was Jewish, sent him to London. From there, he went to attend Yeshiva University in New York. He was supported on scholarship through college and Medical School. He was in Rochester to complete his pediatric cardiology fellowship. (Years later, as he bent over with stethoscope to listen to Lily's heart lesion, which healed on its own, I thought how apt it was for this man, losing father and family, to devote himself to diagnose and heal wounded hearts.) But as a teenager, here is what intrigued us: his wife was not Jewish. We gathered courage once, to ask him if he would recommend others marrying a non-Jew, Meyer and I in particular being enamored of two young ladies in high school. He was very careful in his answer. He considered his wife as unusually wonderful: this was not an easy task to undertake. I misremembered something that he had quoted from Bialik: reading translation is like kissing through a veil. Years later, when he was my daughter's cardiologist and I told him how I could almost feel this image, he corrected me, saying that Bialik had said that it was like kissing one's mother through a veil. I see how I remembered it in a more palatable form.

The focus of Dr. Chamaides's course was not only the beauty of the literature in itself, but also how it was transformed with the social transformation of the Eastern European Jewish community in the Nineteenth and early Twentieth centuries. Later, at the University of Chicago, we read Herodotus in a similar manner: as portraits of life of those times, as something that Aristotle called mimesis. And some of the beauty of the course was hearing the languages come to life from Dr. Chamaides's throat, then puzzling and arguing about this afterwards amongst my peers: was Bialik right to turn from Yiddish to Hebrew in order to move away from the ghetto thinking and to enliven the biblical tongue; was there value to Ahad Ha'am's ("One of the Nation's") emphasis

of turning our hands to agriculture (a vocation restricted to shtetl Jews) and turning away from the shtetl's usurious or trade occupations; did Sholem Aleichem's sweetly sympathetic portrayal of the shtetl Jews impede our ability to move away from ghetto mentality and even jeopardize our capacity to face more actively the oncoming storm of the Nazi's? Such were our questions and our discussions. I felt more alive. I felt that this intellectual, if not intellectualized, venue permitted me an opportunity to struggle with issues that were quite personal for me, yet too difficult to address with my parents for fear of wounding them. My belief that one needed to move from Yiddish, a dead language, which was even spoken with (in my experience) a somewhat subservient tone, in a minor key, to the mellifluous Hebrew, its roots in the Bible and its fruits in Israel, was an attempt to move from my parents' worlds. My inability to become fluent in spoken Hebrew (even as I was fluently reading the language, without understanding), spoke to my inner conflict about leaving their worlds.

Beth El became another of my adoptive homes. Because it was a temple and not another family, it was easier to accept it as a surrogate refuge.

Chapter 12: Identity Struggles

Adolescence is thought of as time for identity exploration, formation and, as one moves towards young adulthood, consolidation. For some, it is a time of rebellion, if not rebelliousness: a way of defining oneself against one's parents. This is what I wish to explore. In retrospect, my adolescence will sound more purposeful, more sensible than it felt in the living of it. Lived prospectively, adolescence felt like a sea voyage without sextant nor map nor a full sense of destination (except to escape); like one driven by winds or becalmed, and the need to respond accordingly--reefing or letting out sails, knowing how much to heel safely, how to run before the wind and in general, how the sailing of my adolescence was felt more in the process and details, than in the knowing of destination. I did not feel like the captain of my ship; more the Ishmael of an uncaptured barque. The white whale, I became aware too many years later, was my attempt to defeat the erosive nature of my parents' tragedies, and my struggle with guilt for abandoning them. I felt more driven towards life and liveliness, yet inundated by the dead.

For a time, Orthodoxy was an ideal rebellion--not too threatening, I thought, an identification with both grandfathers, but more my father's; a bit of an irritant to my father whose impatience was with Orthodox Jews and their hypocrisy. For my mother, the task of preparing a separate Kosher meal fit in with her need to feel burdened as a way to express love (and feel temporarily unburdened of her guilt not only for surviving, but also, I suspect, for her animosity towards her father. Nothing seemed too troublesome; no small feat given the ridiculous extremes to which I could push kashrut: two sets of dishes, and sets for Passover, silverware; separation of milk from meat even in the refrigerator; being certain that cheeses were not aged with rennin (from a cow's stomach juices)---a mixing of meat and milk.

But, stepping into Habonim, Labor Zionism, lifted me from the obsessive preoccupation of what I later felt was a morbid, shtetl Jew's preoccupation with rules and rituals. Zionism was an affirmation: Sabras (native Israelis) were not stoop-shouldered from European ghettos, nor put upon by Catholic School bullies, nor torn with envy and alienation about Christmas and Easter. So I thought. Sabra's enemies were Arabs, numerous, but defeatable: and they were alive, unlike the Nazi ghosts with whom I felt the need to battle, shadows that survived my cuts and blows. More importantly, while an Israeli was threatened by surrounding nations, Israelis took a forthright, yet realistic stance of pride and self-assurance. This I sought.

Labor Zionism was a peculiar brand of returning not only to Israel, but also to the soil. the guiding idea was that in the shtetl, Jews were not permitted to own and farm land. To return to the Holy Land, the modern Jew, like the Israelite slaves out of Egypt, needed not only to arrive physically, but also to abjure their psychological slavery.

But it was not ideology alone that brought me to Habonim. It was Mayer and others. It was girls too. It seemed that the Jewish girls attracted to Habonim were not as pretty as the shiksas in my class. An exception was Merle Marcus, too tall, long straight black hair (to her shoulder blades), a plain but simple face. While she was minimally breasted (unlike Suzy Gephart, who had freckles, long blond hair and leftist leanings), she sang folk songs and made do with ukelele, as her father wouldn't buy a guitar. But Merle had no interest in me: she began going out with an upper classman, bit of a prig, lost her virginity to him. (The only girl I knew in my cohort who took this step in high school.) Merle wanted to attend the University of Chicago, but her father (a wealthy businessman, at least from my perspective as a factory foreman's son) offered to pay for a New York State public college. She opted for McGill, getting a scholarship, dropping out, becoming a mother several times over and settling in the lower Bay area, selling beads and artful stuff. She was so fun, I think her children fortunate. And I

fancied, as I heard rumors of her peregrinations over the years, that I would have done her better as a husband.

Instead, there was Naomi, who was friendly to me and otherwise available: short, pudgy, pendulous, a limp, she was a dedicated (farbrenter, burning) Zionist, who was everyone's good sister. I was attracted to her visiting cousin, but between our shynesses, nothing came of this other than my holding her hand under the guise of admiring her long fingernails, both of us blushing as our Zionist compatriots began teasing our nascent amour.

P.B. Schechter's basement was a major Zionist hangout. P.B. stood for Paul Benjamin, but we privately (out of earshot) called him Piss Ball. His parents had both been army people--his mother a real sergeant, and she still was. Once, upon cutting my finger, I held it under running water at the kitchen sink. She commanded me to shut the faucet--soak my finger in a bowl--so that water would not be wasted. They were quite middle class, lived in a lovely, big house off Cambridge. I know how strapped my family was for money: couldn't imagine my parents fussing over running water for a cut.

P.B. got his haircut by his mother: a military buzz (this, during the Beatles era). His glasses he'd had since before puberty: they were so small, they did not reach behind his ears, so he wore them tipped forward, the lenses slanted downwards. His shirts were all too small--sleeves short, buttons tight. But he was thin chested, so he didn't look too bad in the small, check-plaid shirts he favored.

He was bossy. If we were all out for a walk, he would start striding ahead. He expected us to follow. If we tried to keep up, he would stride faster. His older brother David was extraordinarily handsome, broad shouldered, became an Israeli Paratrooper. P.B. was beak-faced with a crack-toothed grin. It seemed unfair.

But our meetings in his basement opened with a Yiddish Partisan song from the Warsaw uprising. (I feel a chill as I write about this.) "Zog nit kenmal az du geyst dem letztn veg..." "Never say that you go the last road..." This was a song about prevailing

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to death, if need be. I felt odd about singing a Yiddish anthem at this Labor Zionist group: the others did not know Yiddish, but were stirred by the sentiment. I felt as if this song belonged more to me than them and appreciated their pride. I thought of my father running guns for the ghetto. As I sang, I recalled the photograph of the survivors of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising, held at Nazi gunpoint. Hands upraised, was a young boy, perhaps 8 or ten years old. I saw myself in that image. Here, I felt an envy vicarious desire to have been that boy, a wish to have lived through such travail. In Habonim I felt the excitement of the pioneers who built the kibbutzim and the vicarious sense of wishing I could have lived their lives. At this time of developing identity, I found myself slipping into the lives of others and feeling how difficult it was to match the life of my father when he was my age.

Chapter 13: "Kron Ohne Reitzlen"

A Crown without Roots

I created a tension with my father that I did not articulate. Rather, like a mime act, we played it out. I chose to study German in High School, and , under the guise of reading the paperback of The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich, I left it face up atop my bed's mahogany headboard book shelf. the cover photograph was of a cement swastika, fractured. My father would wake me each morning before leaving for work. This book cover greeted him each morning as he would reach to wake me. After some months, he asked that I turn the book face down. I did so. I felt uncomfortable--and still do. At the time I had but an incipient sense that I had done something provocative: I really wasn't reading the book; that the swastika was fractured only minimally diminished my sense that I had fractured his feelings.

My friends picked French (those who were intellectuals) or Spanish (those who wanted a "gut" course), except for Ric Inferinato, who picked Latin. Of the Honors class, only Ute Firstl (German) and Sharon (of German origin), and I selected German to study. My rationalization was that with Yiddish, I could sail through German. (I did.) But for my first teacher (from Germany), I sat at the back of the class, chair tilted so that I leaned against the wall (provocatively, in my mind), disliking her and answering questions with lightening speed. I was beating the Krauts at their own game. My parents never objected , but I don't imagine that this was easy for them. By my last year, I had a delightful teacher from Marlboro College who taught with enthusiasm, was pretty, had beautiful teeth (noticeable because she was so precise in her pronunciation) and had foul breath. She did have a slight chip off the inner corner of her upper, front, right tooth, that tooth slightly overlapping the left. I was won over. We were reading Heinrich Boll (whose sentences read like machine-gun bursts, short, crisp). More importantly , I was taken by Kafka, the Czech Jew who wrote in German, the man who

The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study and the objectives of the research. It also outlines the methodology used in the study and the results of the data analysis. The second part of the paper discusses the implications of the findings and the conclusions drawn from the study. It also provides a summary of the key findings and the recommendations for future research.

The third part of the paper discusses the limitations of the study and the strengths of the findings. It also provides a summary of the key findings and the recommendations for future research. The fourth part of the paper discusses the implications of the findings and the conclusions drawn from the study. It also provides a summary of the key findings and the recommendations for future research.

The fifth part of the paper discusses the implications of the findings and the conclusions drawn from the study. It also provides a summary of the key findings and the recommendations for future research. The sixth part of the paper discusses the implications of the findings and the conclusions drawn from the study. It also provides a summary of the key findings and the recommendations for future research.

led a tragic life, a mundane job, who wrote beautifully, but asked his closest friend to burn his works after his death. The man who near the end of his life , became Zionist, capturing his Jewish identity, but died a tubercular, young death. It was all this that captured me. His "Verwandlung," "Metamorphosis," was appealing to me as I felt my body transformed in puberty: the changes in my body's size and shape, the hope to be taller, the acne that pocked my handsome face, the change in my nose from stubby (like my father's) to aquiline (more like my mothers), were captured in Gregory Samsa's more bizarre transformation to a beetle, and his struggles, including his family's unappreciation of his transformation. They carried on as if he would continue the mundane work that supported them, as if nothing had changed, or if he had changed, he would still carry on.

Many of my teachers seemed to take on a caricature quality. My geometry teacher flew Air Force Reserve on weekends, occasionally leaving our work in Arkansas, or North Carolina. His ramrod stance, his spare classroom, his crew cut, I admired.

Mr. Rose, our next math teacher had two fingers missing. His explanation: he was in the army and lost one finger trying to repair a fan on a jeep. His commanding officer asked to show him what happened: Mr. Rose, being an obedient soldier, inserted his hand back under the hood, losing the second finger.

Our physical education teachers also taught social hygiene, a hygienic phrase for sex education. For this class, we were mixed together: honors students with work study students. We joked that two or three guys in the class had paternity suits slapped on them. Mr Caldwell, now after his tragic accident, started class stating that the human cell had forty chromosomes; when someone corrected him that it was forty-two. Mr Caldwell, looking sobered, said "O.K., O.K." When he asked for an example of asexual reproduction and Billy Ouzer said "Xerox," Mr. Caldwell was left speechless.

Mr. Schmidt taught our class. He was gruff, manly, squat. He liked us, and we him. He told us when a girl was "hot." Also, that when we drove down a hill in the town of

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Chili (pronounced Chylie), that there was a speed trap at the bottom. This was vicarious excitement for us: most of us did not have a car, few of us had opportunity to drive one.

Another teacher, whose wife was expecting, brought their "Expecting a Baby" book. When done with that, he told crude jokes such as how to castrate a camel. (Two rocks, and remember to stand behind the camel.) We could not take this class seriously, although our personal struggles with sexual feelings felt serious..

Four years of gym (or P.E.) was required for graduation from high school in New York State. this became a bete noire for me, after I became a prickly editor of the school paper. The P.E. teachers began gunning for me. But at this point, I was not obstreperous.

Gym was geared to the jocks: the rest of us were kept busy with drill formation or meaningless laps, while the coaches worked with the football players and runners and jumpers. We would run laps around the gym, while Mr. Caldwell stood at the side, beneath the tall windows that opened with long wooden poles. He taunted us: "If you don't run faster, I'll take away our other crutch!" What's your name? Justin Case? I know your brother, Suit!". Mr Caldwell would ask one of us non-athletes to stand facing the class, under the guise of leading drill, jumping jacks, toe touching. Then, when you bent over to touch your toes, he would kick you in the buttocks, sending you sprawling, face down, on the hardwood floor before your classmates. When I finally refused in my senior year, knowing that he would kick me in the rear, he threatened to send me to the principal's office (like fifth grade). I marched to the door, whereupon, he lowered the punishment to sitting out the class in his office. There was class after class of pseudo-ROTC drills--face right, left, about face--in sweltering late spring gym rooms.

From all this, I developed a disdain for exercise.

Swimming was an ordeal. I didn't learn to swim until College. High school swimming consisted of stripping to the buff, being marched into a large shower room,

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cold showers, being commanded to line-up face against the tiled wall, then turning face outward as the gym teacher strolled by first inspecting our backsides (including the backs of our heels) then our fronts as we stood hands extended and flipping them over as he stepped in front of each of us. Nude still, we did something in the pool--those of us non-swimmers in the shallow end. then we lined up in the shower room waiting for the pool attendant, a sadistic Pole, to toss us towels. His expertise was snapping the towel at your genitals. If you didn't grab it before it hit the wet shower floor, you had a wet towel. When I became editor, I wrote an article featuring him tossing his millionth towel, with a photograph of him in snapping form. He was delighted, never understanding the satire.

I first became aware of my capacity for aggression when I campaigned to become the newspaper editor. I did not want to be the news editor or assistant. I wanted to be editor. Meyer, I knew, would become editor of the annual literary magazine; Kathy Nash, editor of the Yearbook. I began working for the newspaper under Roger, whose father owned the corner pharmacy near us, who sold me my mother's cigarettes (illegally), who died that year. I worked hard to learn how to write journalistically: brief, thirty word paragraphs--who, what, where, when, how. I learned layout, cropping photos, developing sports photos. But I became aware that Ute Firstl was also interested: she knew much less, but was favored. She had a quiet gracious style. She was pretty and the teacher advisor went for that. I have pushed aside the details in my discomfort, but I know that I made it clear that I had learned the mechanics of publishing the monthly paper. I "did" a deal with Ute, offering her the front page editing job (which she accepted, but never performed). I gathered that it was a close decision, but based on merit, the advisor was pressured by Roger and others to select me.

I was elated and set off into a rebellious phase in my senior year that surprised others and myself. My rebelling was manifested against the "establishment": our high school or school system. I was protective of the Superintendent of schools, whom I

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admired . In addition, his son, Arnie, loved sports. I selected him as sports editor, a job he did with enthusiasm, delight and the unusual lingo of contemporary sports writers. He took much more pleasure in the victories of our quarterback than I could ever muster: the only football game that I attended, I did so because Arnie couldn't cover it. I shot the photos and did the story. We played Franklin High; my "twin" cousin, Louie, played center. I did not know this until the day of the game,. When I saw him hunched over, readying to hike to the quarterback, I called his name. He looked up, got flattened, then came over to me, a grin on his face and turf in his teeth. To get a good shot of our quarterback making a goal, I crouched, camera ready, behind our goal. Our quarterback saw me, and made a point of running straight towards me, leaping cleated feet flying over my head. this endeared me further with our P.E. program.

Most of the football players seemed barely literate. Steve Gephardt was an exception. He was Suzy's older brother (she of great bosom, wasp-waist, super-Shiksa, rosy cheeked). Steve was a quarterback, gap-toothed, bright, decent fellow. He built a Rube Goldberg pinball machine contraption in the basement: he was smart and good with his hands (much as I imagined my father to be). Accepted to MIT, he chose Cornell because it had been his family's school.

Being Editor my senior year was most important to me. I took "Honors" courses. (We were assured that we would get college credit for these-- not at UC, although I did place out of both my language (German) requirement and biology based on our entrance exams.)

I was determined to change the paper try to get students to read it, change its look. I appointed Ric Inferinato the art editor for two reasons: he was willing to rework our masthead ("Monroe Life") repeatedly; and he now owned a Jaguar XK and offered to drive me to the printer with our layout. He was practicing double-clutching and other racing maneuvers. He would put the nose of the Jaguar almost beneath the rear gate of a truck ahead of us as we pulled to a stop. Mayer did cartoons lampooning , for

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instance, the decision by the school administration to place an apple machine in the hallway, but not permitting students to eat the apples during school hours. He drew a student crouched uncomfortably inside the machine, munching an apple.

Our first issue came out the day that Mr. Miller, our Lieutenant Governor and Goldwater's running mate as Vice President, came to visit. He was a Monroe High School alumnus. We wrote the story and accompanied it with two photo's: his graduation shot and a contemporary one. I hand-delivered a copy to him in the auditorium. A scoop. I also thought to myself that some day perhaps I would return, a prodigal son.

My editorials were barbed, but provocatively constructive. (Some sublimation or redirection of my anger, of which I was not very much aware) I campaigned for a football field for our High School, surprising the gym teachers, who thought of me as anti-P.E. But I knew that my father admired his brother, Uncle Sender, the former soccer player. I suggested that our park and school systems be clustered: schools should be built on the periphery of the parks and students be responsible for grooming, planting, landscaping the parks. This was a transplanting of Ahad Ha'am's agricultural Zionism to America.

I sought out advertising dollars and upon receiving an offer from the Latter Day Saints, received a counter offer from our Vice Principal in lieu of the religious ad. (I was relieved.)

But, I played a bit loose. My staff could get out of study hall to work on the paper with signed pass. These should have been signed by our teacher/adviser. When he wasn't available, I signed them. The gym teachers called me on the carpet at the Principal's office for "forging" passes. They wanted me expelled. I pointed out that these weren't forged: I had signed my own name and these were honored by the Study Hall teachers. The Principal looked again: sheepishly, he agreed with me, but asked that in the future I get my advisor to sign these.



Where this incipient piss and vinegar tone in my life and attitude came from, I was not aware. But I was barely aware that this was a transformation in me and that I needed to go away to college. I learned much later that I needed to keep my animosity as far away from home as I could, to buffer my parents from my feelings.

In the interim, I seemed to get the ire of my P.E. teachers. I was puzzled by the change in Mr. Caldwell from the thoughtful man who brought Sports Illustrated to my bedside, then following his car accident, his becoming a bitter, sarcastic, sadistic martinet. It frightened me, what could happen to someone after a personal tragedy. I was disdainful of my gym teachers pseudo-military sadism. I blew them off, which enraged them further. As I approached newspaper deadlines, I got myself excused from gym class, abjuring the about-faces, empty laps, snapping towels, and post-shower buttocks and knuckles inspections. The gym teachers came to the Principal again, saying that I could not graduate, because they were going to give me a failing grade for gym. They knew that I needed four years of gym to get a New York State diploma: without a diploma, I could not get a State Regent's scholarship, which I had already won. I did not realize how closely I was tacking to the wind, risking going into irons and drifting backwards. I did not realize how this would begin to become a pattern of imminent failure at the edge of success, nor was I aware of how I felt that my near failures represented in my mind a way of softening the threat to my father that such successes represented. Somehow, my vice principal (the Principal now ailing with cancer) kept the wind in my sails, deflating the gym teachers.

My first journalism advisor was a lovely young woman who was transferred elsewhere. Then I got the new head of the English Department. Dressed in khakis, penny loafers, bowtie, argyle socks with garters that showed when he sat back in his rocking chair, he was a Haverford graduate and urged me to go there. Not knowing much about the School, except that it was small and rurally located in Pennsylvania, I demurred, but did not want to hurt his feelings. He believed that I was too hard-driving.

2. It then goes on to describe the various methods used to collect and analyze data.

3. The next section details the results of the study, showing a clear trend towards increased efficiency.

4. Finally, the document concludes with a series of recommendations for future research.

5. The overall findings suggest that the proposed system is a viable solution for the problem at hand.

6. The data collected over the course of the study supports the initial hypothesis.

7. The results of the analysis indicate that the system is capable of handling the required workload.

8. The study also identified several areas for improvement in the current design.

9. The authors believe that the findings of this study will be valuable to other researchers in the field.

10. The document provides a comprehensive overview of the project and its outcomes.

11. The study was conducted in accordance with the highest standards of research integrity.

12. The authors thank the funding agency for its support of this research.

13. The document is intended to serve as a reference for anyone interested in the topic.

14. The study was completed on schedule and within budget.

15. The authors look forward to future collaborations and research in this area.

Coming up against a deadline, he once suggested that I go out for a sundae instead. I did not "get" this. How could I go out for a sundae, yet meet our deadline. After a bit, he backed off. I had the sense, as he got to know me, that he thought of me as someone who would accomplish much, not simply a bright fellow, but a determined one. In retrospect, I could have benefitted from a few sundaes and probably would have thrived in the nurturant setting of a small liberal arts men's school. But, he developed respect for me as he saw how I was transforming the paper: I wanted the students to read it, including our work-study students. I ran features on those who got special job opportunities or won awards for their vocational efforts.

I went from glossy to newsprint, back to glossy. (For an eight page paper, newsprint looked too slim.) I learned about offset printing, hot lead, how they made engravings from photos. I worked in a fellow student's father's home photo developing lab, learning how to make enlargements, develop at different rates. I worked layout like a jigsaw puzzle, several of us eyeing the look, reworking it. We had a large room which doubled as a classroom for A.P. History. I invited the staff to my house to work late evenings. I enjoyed this, felt energized.

We went to the annual statewide high school journalism meetings and won first-place. I thought about journalism school at Syracuse. But, I decided that I didn't want to labor so hard to write something that became fish wrap the next day. I didn't like fish, anyhow.

I felt energized, but also an emptiness. Like the book, What Makes Sammy Run, which I read in college, I felt driven, but was unclear in what directions. The incipient partial clarity came as I realized that I wanted, or rather needed, to leave home for college. Here is how that evolved. It had to do with my sense that I felt like a "Kron ohne Retzlen": a tree's crown, a canopy, but a tree without roots.

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Chapter 14: Denouement

While I have written this account chronologically, it is not a diary, written prospectively and without overt theme. It is between memoir and autobiography, my attempt to account for how I became whom I am, and those in my childhood who contributed to it. More significantly, and perhaps obviously to the reader, while I write it forward in time from earliest memories through adolescence, it is in fact written "backwards": that is, as an adult reflecting. As such, it is colored by my later life and my stage in life. Hopefully, that coloring more clarifies the outlines of my childhood, than obscures it.

I began with Elie Wiesel's words, referring to children whose parents have survived the Holocaust, as a privileged generation, those who "remember" their parents' lives so well, as if they, the children, had lived them. Of course, one can read Wiesel's words with irony: in some ways it would be better not to be so "privileged," just as the Jewish people at times might have wished not to have been such a "chosen" people (and exactly for what had we been chosen?).

I also began, referring to growing up in the shadows of Auschwitz. But, where there is shadow, there is light which creates these shadows. I hope I have indicated, perhaps too indirectly, that I did not experience my parents and my life as simply in shadow, as only behind a veil of tears. Without being Pollyannish, there was much that enlightend my path and much light that I could seek out. There were small moments of family stories-- for I could not know my grandparents, most of my aunts and uncles--and try as I might, I could not fully fathom my parents as they were before the war scarred their souls, how they might have been had they not been warred upon. Civilians are not prepared for unprovoked horror or slaughter; soldiers are prepared, barely so.

What were some of my sustaining family myths? It was central to my being that I was named after my father's father: an intellectual, Orthodox, but not rabidly so--when

"caught" walking home from work after sundown on the beginning of the Sabbath, he slipped his walking stick into his sleeve so as not to offend others by carrying something on the Sabbath, a small sin. He was the man whose voice could enchant even the non-Jews when he sang Kol Nidre. I was sustained by the image of my father's oldest brother, the bicyclist, the Esperanto speaker, who helped my father overcome his stuttering after my grandfather died when my father was eight. Of my father's mother, I have a dimmer sense. Yet, she took over my grandfather's wine distributorship and sustained the family. I was particularly emboldened by my father's sustenance of himself through both labor and concentration camps. Yet, his story of begging an SS to shoot my father in order to end my father's misery strikes sharply into my heart. It carries with it the sense that I might never have been born and become who I am. This feeling made my mother's dalliance with the wish that she had married someone else, specifically her dead sister's surviving husband, all the more poignant and difficult to integrate.

From my mother, it is more difficult. She showed too much of her grief and her wish that I supplant my father in her need to adore someone who would adore her. Yet I found light here also. She opposed her father, too Orthodox to work on Sabbath, by surreptitiously at first, then openly, later, going to work in the clothing mills on the Sabbath. Unschooled, illiterate, she joined the Bundists, hired a tutor so that she could learn to read and write Yiddish. Her relative inability to work at a job in my childhood, was belied by her resourcefulness to both work and blackmarket during her years in a Soviet labor camp. Her refusal to become a Soviet citizen spoke, to me, of a solidity of identity and hope, that became a part of my marrow.

From both my parents, I took from their decision to have children, an affirmation of life. Perhaps, for some children, hopefully for most, the idea that their parents would have given birth to them is taken for granted. For me, it was not. I knew my father's dark view of mankind; I knew that he wished to have moved to Australia in order to be as far

away from the rest of the world as possible; I knew that he wished he could drop an atom bomb on the world in his anger at the world. For me, his never spoken decision to have me born, obviated some of the darkness of these wishes.

From this and more, I was able to seek out light to cast aside what shadowed my life: an intellectual identity that I borrowed from my grandfathers and particularly my father's oldest brother. I sought out family's to who I could adopt myself. I found in American identity a sense of hopefulness, a frontier spirit, a hopefulness for rebirth, optimism and a land where merit counted more than bloodlines. (So I thought and still do hope.)

Some of this hampered and helped. My general sense of feeling a bit of an impostor, one who needed to live or survive the severity of experiences that my parents had lived, or one who needed to become the uncle or grandfather whom I never knew, impoverished for many years the more fundamental sense that I could live and create my own life. On the other hand, the adaptive side of this impostorship was the sense that I could adopt myself out to families, or to close friends or to an American identity: I felt no great need to be Polish (certainly not) and felt that being Jewish did not impair my ability to become an American kid. I loved cowboys and Indians. I appreciated the sense of living among the natural adversities of the Wild West, as opposed to the profound adversities created by anti-Semitic Poles before the War, or the murderousness carried out by the Nazis.

For some time, beginning in my high school years and amplifying in my young adulthood, I became aware of a soundless fury, soundless in the sense that I could not let myself be aware of the origins of that fury, that is with my parents legacy of tears and tragedy, nor voice it to them. Instead, I directed that fury towards the world, injustices perceived or uncovered or even curried by me. Years of growth and my personal psychoanalysis permitted to recognize that my felt fury came from within (without denying the injustice around us). I recall in my College years attending a

many years the rest of the world as possible, I know that he would be proud that an
Asian boy in the world is his son. For me, his never spoken decision to
have me here, obviously came at the expense of his wishes.

From that day on, I was able to cast out light in dark areas what answered my
inner intellectual identity that I belonged to my grandfathers and grandmothers.
I found a father's close brother, I am glad and happy to who I could speak myself. I found an
American people a sense of responsibility, a brother spirit, a responsibility for each
other and a love where most people were then strangers. (So I thought and still
do hope.)

Some of the strongest and deepest life lessons came of being a bit of an
outsider. One who needed to learn to survive the severity of experience that my parents
had lived, or one who needed to become the uncle or grandfather whom I never had.
I discovered for many years the more fundamental sense that I could see and create
my own life. On the other hand, the adaptive side of this relationship was the sense
that I could always myself out of trouble, or better friends as in an American family.
Let me great need to be taken seriously not only but that being serious did not require
my ability to become an American. I loved cowboy and western. I appreciated the
sense of living among the natural elements of the Wild West, as opposed to the
modern advances created by man. I love those who live the life of the

For some time, learning to be a high school senior and working in my young
adult world, I became aware of a spiritual life separate from the world that I could not
let myself be aware of the signs of that life that is with my parents' legacy of faith
and hope, not just a faith. Instead, I believed that my parents' life was
upheld, received or understood as even owned by me. Years of growth and my
personal experiences were merged in my life, but my life was not born within
without being the spiritual world as I lived in my college years attending a

Students for a Democratic Society meeting, where someone spoke avidly, even furiously of the U.S. government's ghettoization and genocide towards Blacks. Until that moment, I could be carried by Leftist rhetoric; at that moment, I felt alienated from my fellow students, most of whom came from well-off middle class White families. What was happening to the Blacks on the South Side of Chicago, while abysmal, was not genocide. What Nazis did was genocide. I realized then how I differed at least from my Leftist peers. I left them.

I turned to psychoanalysis, specifically after I heard Bruno Bettelheim describe it as a voyage like that between Dante and Virgil, the poet of reason, and one who understood the danger and necessity of voyaging through one's personal hell. I decided to seek "salvation" not through politics, that is action on the external world, but through an inner voyage. From this I, over many years, too many, began to recognize not only the sound of my fury, but also its words, its personal meaning. From this, I could begin to think of bringing to the world around me, to my children, to my patients, a sense of finding meanings in one's life.

Szeginberg, Nathan

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